

John Pick 313 Strand

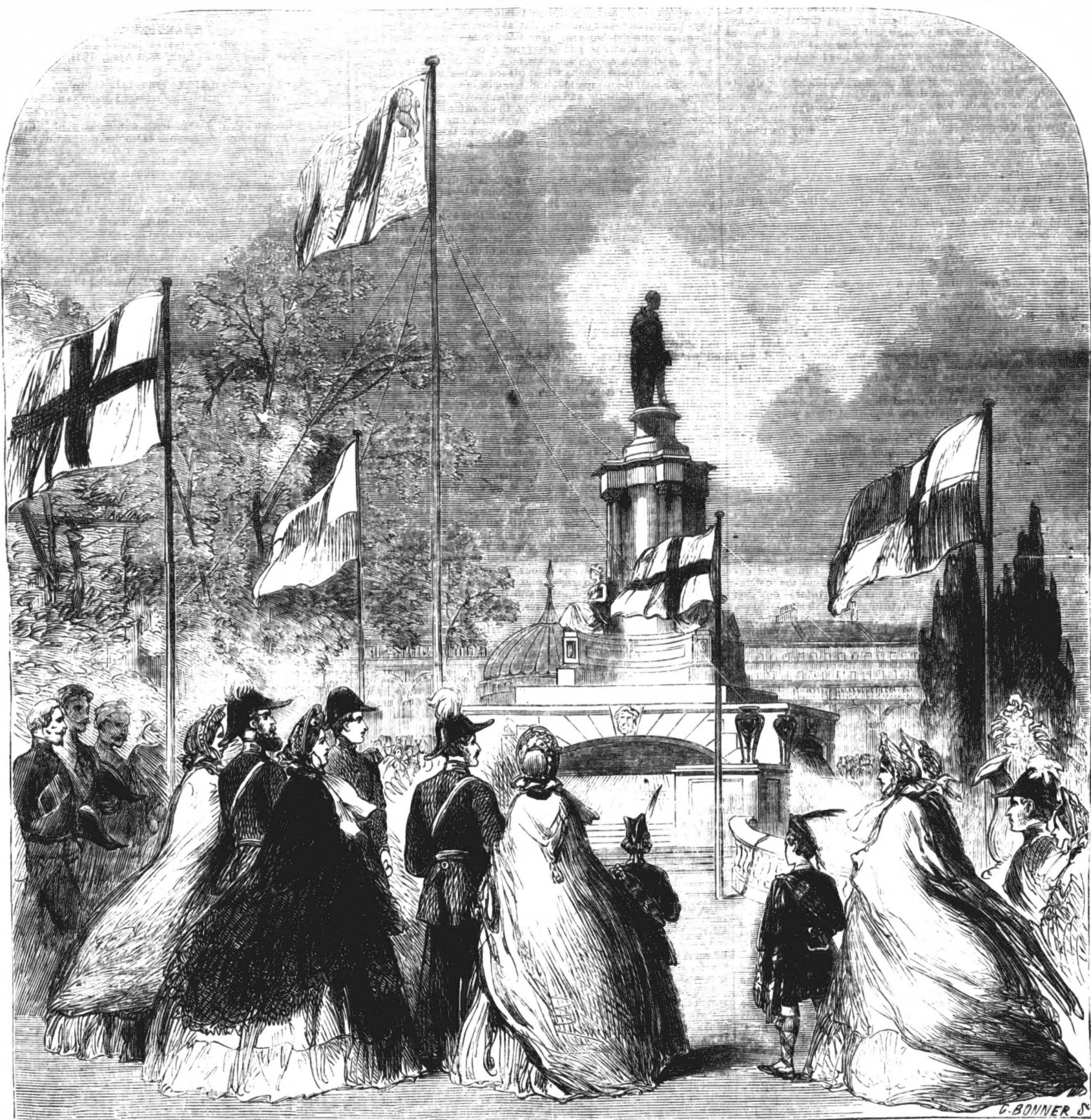
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 1.—Vol. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851 MEMORIAL, BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. (See page 7.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, at half-past twelve, thirteen New Zealanders were presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, under the auspices of Mr. W. Jenkins, the interpreter to the New Zealand Government. The party, whose arrival in this country we have lately noted, consisted of thirteen, ten being chiefs and the others ladies. The chiefs belong to the Hapu of Ngairanga, tribe of Ngapuhi, and are descendants of the far-famed Pene Tauti, who took such a prominent part in the wars of the rebel chiefs, Heke and Kawiti. The chieftain Hongi visited England in company with Waikato, in the reign of George IV, and was called Shanghai. He was the first to introduce firearms among his countrymen, and was the fiercest warrior and most cruel cannibal on record. The Prince conversed in very friendly style with the chiefs through Mr. Jenkins, their interpreter, and his royal highness was assured by them of their friendliness towards the English people, and their desire to become more intimately acquainted with them. The chiefs were evidently gratified with their visit, and with the hearty English-like welcome the Prince gave them. Afterwards they took luncheon with the Duke of Newcastle.

On Sunday morning, as a policeman was passing No. 18, Copple-row, Clerkenwell, he perceived a stream of blood flowing from under the street door, and on the door being broken open a man named Humphreys, a coppersmith, was found behind the door dead, and with his head and limbs broken. He had a workshop on the second floor, and it is supposed that while he was ascending the stair to sleep in his shop as was his frequent custom, he missed his footing, fell to the ground, and was killed.

A very remarkable discovery has just been made in one of Messrs. Green's ships, recently arrived in the port of London from Australia. The ship Result was being overhauled a day or two ago in the London Docks, when the skeleton of a man was found standing upright. He was dressed, but all his flesh had dried up on his bones, and his clothes therefore hung loosely about him. On searching him a sum of 12s. in silver was found in his pocket, but no other property of any kind. It is supposed that the man had not the means to pay for his passage, and secreted himself in some part of the vessel, and was either suffocated, or that in consequence of the manner in which the cargo was packed he found it impossible to escape from his place of confinement.

On Saturday morning, Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, resumed the inquiry at the Prince of Wales Tavern, Bishop's-road Victoria-park, respecting the death of a female unknown, apparently about eighteen. James Willis, a man employed in Victoria-park, stated that he was on duty on Sunday night week, near the chief entrance of the park, about ten o'clock, when he heard loud screams from a female. He ran towards the bridge by the lodge, and looked into the canal, but could not see anything. He raised an alarm, and then by the aid of a ladder he descended on to the towing-path. He then discovered a crinoline on the bank of the opposite shore, near the edge of the water. Witness obtained the assistance of a policeman who assisted in searching for the body, but Mr. Russell, the lock-keeper, brought the drags, which were used for upwards of three hours, when the body of deceased was discovered in the middle of the canal. The deceased's pockets were empty. Robert Russell, the lock-keeper, said that deceased had been seen early on the Sunday evening, quarrelling with a young man. The deceased's hair was cut very short, as if she had suffered from fever. The summoning officer said that Dr. Massingham, the medical officer of the district, had seen the body, which was that of a fine young woman about eighteen years of age. He understood that there were marks on the body which showed that great violence had been exercised towards her. The deceased had been seduced very recently, but in the absence of a post mortem examination he was not yet prepared to give the facts in detail. Dr. Massingham had been called away to an important and urgent case of labour. The usual notices, containing a full description of the body and dress, had been posted. The inquiry was adjourned for a post-mortem examination.

On Tuesday, Mr. Bedford, the coroner for Westminster, held an inquiry at Westminster Hospital touching the death of Jesse Robert George Hall, a cab-driver, aged thirty, who died under the influence of chloroform in the above institution, on the previous Thursday. The deceased was taking his horse out from the cab on the 27th ult., when he received a severe kick from the animal, which broke his finger. He was admitted to the hospital on the 1st of June, after attending a few days previously as an out-door patient. Mr. B. Holt, house surgeon, said, finding it impossible to save the finger, it was determined, with deceased's consent, that it should be amputated on Thursday. For that purpose, he was placed under the influence of chloroform, after witness had examined his pulse. He gave him some wine, and the chloroform was administered. It was some time before deceased was fairly under its influence, when witness was about to remove his finger. Suddenly deceased's pulse ceased, his face became discoloured, and it was evident he was in a very critical condition. Artificial respiration and galvanism were resorted to, with other remedies, for an hour and a half, without any good result. At last a needle was inserted in the substance of the heart, to excite if possible its action, but without success. The chloroform was administered in the usual way, under witness's direction. Unquestionably he died from the effects of the chloroform. The means of resuscitation were kept up for at least two hours. Dr. Davies, of 11, Warwick-square, said he made the post-mortem examination of the body. It was that apparently of a very unhealthy man. Both lungs were congested, and full of tubercular disease. The heart was in a state of enlargement and fatty degeneration. The valves were for the most part unhealthy, and not adequate to perform their functions. The liver, the spleen, and kidneys were much congested and enlarged. He thought the cause of death was from chloroform causing sudden paralysis of the heart, owing to its unhealthy condition. Witness thought under all the circumstances that he should have administered the chloroform to the deceased, as in the state of disease in which he found him, the shock of an operation would probably be more dangerous than the chloroform. After further evidence, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from chloroform administered in a proper manner, previous to amputation of the finger, which had been injured by accident."

TOTAL LOSS BY FIRE OF THE SHIP DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.—ONE OF THE CREW BURNED TO DEATH.—Advice received on Saturday from the Island of Tobago, communicated the loss, by fire, of the British ship Duchess of Leinster, Captain Newton, belonging to Liverpool, in the harbour of that place, on the 7th of last month, which was supposed to have been caused by two of the crew setting light to the cargo while stealing some rum. The vessel, 400 tons register, had partially taken her cargo on board for London, consisting of about seventy puncheons of rum, 400 barrels and hogsheads of sugar and molasses, and some 11,900 cocoa nuts. The body of a sailor named Price was found in the hold. Another man named Strood was arrested on the charge of setting fire to the ship, but the evidence was insufficient to convict him, and he was discharged.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. [Adv.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter has the following in reference to the capture of Puebla:—

"Juarez will not give up the game as lost, should General Forey's pretensions be inadmissible. He has still a gallant army under his command in the city of Mexico; his troops are well disciplined, under the orders of the English General Ernest Lane, and are prepared to receive their invaders as warmly as at Puebla. They who frequent the Court and Foreign Office avow their belief that the Emperor has had enough of Mexico and the Mexicans. They do not believe that the expedition will march on to Mexico, but that Forey will be directed to propose terms which Juarez can entertain. The praise of the heroic French army is hymned by lofty harps in the Government evening journals. The France, however, postpones glory to gold. It takes a mercantile view of the affair. It insists that the Mexicans must be made to pay the expenses of the expedition, as the travelling Turkish Pashas make the poor fellows, on whom they forage, pay their 'tooth money.' La France considers that as the Mexicans impudently resisted the French they should be mulcted in heavy damages. These arguments come strangely from a journal which is always railing at the nation of shopkeepers, poor, perfidious old Albion, who is always accused of making a business matter of honour and glory. The intelligence of the triumph reached the Emperor at Fontainebleau, whilst he was at dinner. He read the despatch aloud to his guests 'with considerable emotion.' In the evening the town of Fontainebleau was illuminated."

The subjoined extract is from the France:—
"To the just pride of this great feat of arms is about to be added throughout the whole of France a profound admiration for our soldiers. When an army has only a frontier to pass—when it fights on the Rhine or on the Alps, its task is easy even amidst all the fatigues of war; it feels the heart of the country near it; it hears its voice and the sweet echo of its enthusiasm. Material resources are within reach, and supplies and reinforcements may in a few days prevent or repair checks. But at four thousand leagues from France, a considerable army is isolated from all the moral forces which support soldiers; it is separated from all the immediate succours which, at certain moments, may decide its fate. It struggles far away from those persons whose glance excites noble ambitions; it dies far from the sympathies and reminiscences which soften the agony of fields of battle, and a distant land covers glorious remains which it will never restore. Under those painful conditions, the French army has displayed qualities which our military history perhaps never before had the opportunity of bringing so prominently forward. In other places it had caused admiration for its dash, its intrepidity, and that contempt of danger which astonishes and daunts enemies even when they do not give way. But in Mexico, the French army has more particularly distinguished itself by its patience and its firmness, which no fatigue and no disappointment have been able to discourage."

The writer then refers to the heavy task that still lies before the French troops, and expresses the opinion that the cost of the war ought to be paid by the Mexicans. He says:—"We have now triumphed over the most serious obstacle of our enterprise. Henceforth the flag of France floats over the walls of Puebla. The surrender of General Ortega with 18,000 men is the prelude to the fall of Juarez. Puebla opens to us the road to Mexico. Shall we meet with fresh resistance? That is not impossible. Under any circumstances it is for the present moment rendered powerless. The sword of France, before which Puebla has just fallen, will be the instrument for emancipating Mexico. The work was immense. Our allies had abandoned us, and we remained alone in face of a responsibility on which weighed the rights of humanity and the interests of civilisation. The work is now near being accomplished. The Emperor, who has raised our national grandeur so high, has just elevated it another step. We think, however, that we are only responding to the public feeling in expressing the wish that it may not be sterile, since for so many sacrifices of men and money we have a right to compensation. Under another regime, it was said that France was rich enough to pay for her glory; that was easy to be understood, for, as she had but little, she had not much to pay. At present the case is very different, and we should have too much to pay if we were to support the cost of our glory. Let us levy it therefore from those whose insolence is now undergoing the just chastisement inflicted by our victories."

The Nation employs the following language:—
"Have our armies ever been known to fail under the walls of any town, whether called Pampeluna, Sebastopol, Magenta, or Solferino? Victory everywhere attends the three colours, and victory is ever rendered valuable by those progressive principles which exist in our character as in our national traditions. Those principles, which guided our generous policy in Italy, will open to Mexico a new era of prosperity and grandeur. The Mexican nation is not with Juarez; it endures his yoke, and trembles before his myrmidons; but the day of deliverance is at hand; let Tampico, Sonora, Mexico, and Monterey learn the fall of Puebla, that rampart of a grasping despot, and the whole country will rise as one man to welcome our soldiers. The Roman legions, on their return from those distant expeditions in which their eagles marched to conquest and to the deliverance of nations, gave to the Scipios, Fabiuses, or Cæsars, glorious surnames which history has handed down to later ages. Mexico, in her gratitude, reserves a like glory for the name of him who shall have delivered her; she will call him the Liberator."

POLAND.

The following atrocities committed by the Russians are well authenticated:—

At Dembinski, in the palatinate of Augustow, a small body of unarmed men were caught by the Russians while proceeding to join the insurgents. A few of them contrived to escape, but the rest were first stripped, and then subjected to dreadful tortures. Some of them were attached, by order of the commanding officer, Matwiczaj, to horses' tails. The horses were then made to gallop, and the unfortunate men were then pounded to a jelly. Two boys having taken refuge in a tree, the soldiers wished to shoot at them, but the officers prevented them, reserving this pleasure for themselves. After a few shots from their revolvers, the boys fell from the tree, and were immediately despatched by the soldiery. The dead bodies of two women have been found near Czerniakow. It appears that they had proceeded to that village to sell some goods, and were attacked as they were returning home by some Russian soldiers, who, after robbing them of their money, murdered and stripped them. One of these women was named Margaret Wroblewska.

The *Invalides Russes* publishes a letter from a Russian officer, in which the writer makes the following curious avowals:—
"We endeavour to keep all our operations secret, but the insurgents are always well informed of the movements of our troops. If in the morning we hear of the existence of a band, and of its place of encampment, the insurgents know before night what expedition we are about to send out. Sometimes we receive information that a band is in such a part of the country, but in what particular place no one is able to tell us. We find the greatest difficulty in procuring guides; we pass through villages without being able to meet with a single person, all the inhabitants keeping themselves concealed. When we meet by chance any one and demand information, the answer is, 'We are quiet people, and the insurgents

have not shown themselves here.' Even the authorities themselves of the villages give us a similar answer. At the same time there is no doubt that the inhabitants know very well where the insurgents are, and supply them with provisions, and that long before our arrival some one has gone to give them notice of our approach."

JAPAN.

From Japan we learn that her Majesty's charge d'affaires had addressed the Tycoon on the subject of the two last outrages upon foreigners, viz., the attack upon the British legation on the 20th of June last, when two of the guards from her Majesty's ship Renard were murdered; and the assassination of Mr. Richardson on the Tokaido last September. For these outrages her Majesty's charge d'affaires, Colonel Neale, demands reparation. The full details of his demands have not been made public, but the principal material clauses of the ultimatum comprise "the trial and capital execution of the murderers of Mr. Richardson, a heavy pecuniary penalty on Japan for that offence, and a considerable compensation for the sufferers or their surviving relatives." Should Colonel Neale's demands not be complied with in the precise terms laid down in this ultimatum, he reserves to himself the right of adopting coercive measures of a nature and duration "proportioned to the degree of ill-advised obstinacy or resistance which the Japanese Government may assume." In order to give weight to these demands on the part of the English authorities, a fleet was stationed in the harbour at Yokohama, under the command of Admiral Kuper, consisting of the Euryalus, Pearl, Argus, Centaur, Rattler, and Racehorse, with gunboats Havoc and Keetzel; these were shortly to be joined by her Majesty's ships Ringdove, Encounter, Scout, and Coromandel, along with the gunboat Hesper, with coals and stores. Two Dutch and two French vessels of war were also present with the English fleet. The Perseus and Leopard were in Hong Kong harbour, and would probably join the admiral's fleet as soon as they could be got ready. The ultimatum was sent in on the 6th of April, and twenty days allowed for its being satisfactorily replied to. The latest dates from Yokohama are to the 15th of April, up to which time no reply had been received.

SHAKSPERE.

THE following circular on the subject of the approaching tercentenary of Shakspeare's birth, 23rd April, 1664, has been forwarded to us:—

"I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me."

SHAKSPERE.

The approaching three-hundredth anniversary of Shakspeare's birth calls forth many suggestions as to its celebration; amongst them, the idea of rendering fit homage to the memory of the poet, by the erection of a lasting national monument, presents itself prominently to the minds of the millions who speak the language and acknowledge the humanising genius of the great dramatist.

The idea thus universally felt has taken a definite form, and received a distinct utterance amongst a number of literary and scientific men, who have come forward to initiate a movement which can only require publicity to obtain for it the sympathy and support of all classes.

In connection with the movement, a preliminary meeting of the members of the "Urban Club," was recently held at the St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell—a spot peculiarly interesting to the antiquarian, the scholar, and the dramatist, as the place where periodical literature was originated by Cave (*Sylveus Urbanus*), and developed by Johnson, the foremost of Shakspeare's commentators: where David Garrick, one of the ablest of Shakspeare's stage exponents, made his first essay as an actor: and where, for some years past, a number of the poet's ardent admirers have commemorated the anniversary of his birth by a festival to his memory.

The unanimous feeling expressed at this meeting, was that means should be taken to raise the requisite funds for the erection of a statue (or other befitting monument to Shakspeare) on a site to be hereafter selected, in London, the heart of the nation, where the living thoughts of the mighty dramatist first took root.

It will be acknowledged that the noble legacy of genius bequeathed to us by Shakspeare demands the special recognition now contemplated. Germany has raised statues to Goethe and Schiller; France to Corneille and Moliere; Scotland to Burns and Scott; Ireland to Goldsmith and Moore. England honours the memory of her illustrious warriors, statesmen, and savans, by public monuments, yet has no national memorial of her greatest poet.

The originators of this project for the remedy of a national neglect, appeal for aid and co-operation, not to any one class or section of society, but to ALL who love the large and liberal nature of the poet.

The provisional committee which has been formed anxiously awaits the opportunity of merging itself in a more permanent executive, which shall generally represent the literature and art of the age; and therefore solicits the immediate aid of all interested in the movement. The progress already made has been most satisfactory; the Dramatic Authors' Society has promised its cordial co-operation; and other important adhesions are daily received.

Communications on the subject may be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the "Urban Club," St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; or to the Secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society, 28, King-street, Covent Garden.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor directed attention to the state of the statute law, and laid upon the table a Bill for its revision, which he said was simply a revival of the proposal contained in Lord Bacon's "Essay on the Amendment of the Laws of England," but which had as yet had no practical effect. The object of his measure was to secure the consolidation, arrangement, and abridgment of the statute law. The Bill was read a first time, after some discussion.

Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, with reference to a notice given by Mr. Coningham, to call attention to the memorandum of the Commander-in-Chief on the case of Sergeant-Major John Lilley, said, as his royal highness the commander-in-chief had determined that circumstances justified the subjecting the conduct of Colonel Crawley to an inquiry by a court-martial, he suggested to Mr. Coningham the inexpediency of any discussion upon the subject. Mr. Coningham said it was not Colonel Crawley's conduct only that was in question, but two general officers in India, the Commander-in-Chief in India, the Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and the officials at the Horse Guards, were deeply compromised in the question. The Marquis of Hartington complained of the course taken by Mr. Coningham, and justified his royal highness the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Palmerston said that Mr. Coningham had given an example of the grossest injustice in launching out into an abuse of the Commander-in-Chief, without the slightest ground. He hoped that next morning he would regret what he had said. Mr. E. Bouverie considered the course taken by Mr. Coningham unwise, imprudent, and unfair.

THE CIVIC FESTIVITIES TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE illustrations on pages 8 and 9 represent incidents in the late grand entertainment given by the City of London, at Guildhall, to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the full particulars of which festival appeared in our last week's issue.

General News.

A PARLIAMENTARY return shows that in the last twenty years there must have been about 900 clergymen placed in the commission of the peace in England and Wales. At least twenty-five made their appearance as magistrates in the present year, and two-thirds of them have cured of souls.

An American paper states that the Pension-office at Washington has lately recorded the nineteen thousandth application of wives made widows by this war between the Northern and Southern States.

The Tycoon of Japan has sent a coat of mail as a gift to the President. Mr. Lincoln has not yet donned the new suit, but when he does the reader can imagine Old Abe dressed up with an umbrella-shaped helmet, made of steel and copper, on his head, copper visor over his face, sleeves of copper chain-work on his arms, metallic breastplate, and steel network leggings.—*New York Herald*

The Liverpool police have stopped an elopement of a disgraceful character. A Gloucestershire farmer, who had left a wife and five children behind him, was making off for America with a young country girl, when he fell into the hands of the police.

An old lady has left £10,000 to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to be expended solely in a reform of the slaughter-houses of London.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE LAMBERT will succeed Vice-Admiral Johnston in command of the *Nore*. Vice-Admiral Lambert will, it is stated, hoist his flag on board the *Formidable*, on the 1st of next month.

LIEUTENANT HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED has joined her Majesty's screw corvette *Ragoon*, 20 guns, Captain Count Gleichen, at Portsmouth, as her junior lieutenant.

The Prince and Princess of Wales (says the *Aberdeen Journal*) are expected at Aberfeldie Castle about the end of July; and the Queen, after spending some time in Germany, will probably return to Balmoral about a month later.

The *Prussian Monitor* states that King Otto, with his consort and a numerous suite, has just passed through Lubeck on their way from Munich to Eutin, the present residence of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, brother of the Queen. The majority of their Majesties' suite wore the national Greek costume.

For the last two years a large whale disports itself about the rocks at Roscolyn, near Holyhead, and people visit the shore to see it. On Tuesday in Whitsun week a party went out in a sailing boat, and when a short distance from the shore, opposite Brynbar, the monster suddenly rose within a few yards of the boat, to the great horror of the party, many of whom expected a fate similar to that of the prophet Jonah. They described its eyes as nearly as large as buckets, but, notwithstanding their fright, they spoke of it as anything but savage in appearance. They, however, put the boat about, and were too glad to reach the beach in safety.—*Cornwall Herald*.

For some time past workmen have been employed in altering Welbeck Abbey, Notts, the seat of the Duke of Portland, and on Saturday last a storm of a serious character visited that place. About one o'clock at noon the storm was raging at its height, and a thunderbolt descended upon the tower, striking it with such force that the four-dial tower clock was completely demolished, and old Welbeck's tower split down, the report of thunder and the fall of the old pile causing great alarm among the workpeople. There have been several severe thunderstorms in Nottingham and the surrounding neighbourhood during the last few days, and vegetation generally has been greatly benefited.

A FATAL accident occurred on Saturday morning, about half-past eleven o'clock, at the Ponder's-end Station, which was caused by the mail train that leaves Shoreditch about eleven o'clock. The deceased, whose name was Warren, was employed as signalman and gate-keeper adjacent to the Ponder's-end Station, and who, shortly before the train had reached this point, was perceived to be endeavouring to close the gate from off the line, but before he could succeed in his purpose the train was upon him, cutting him absolutely into pieces, the head being severed from the body and thrown to a considerable distance, while other portions were scattered about the line, and strange to relate, the clothing was literally taken from off the remains as if a knife had been used for the purpose.

The *Breslau Gazette* relates the following:—"The Grand Duke Constantine every day receives all the foreign journals in one packet, and he is most particular in opening it himself in order that no important piece of news shall be kept from him. One day, lately, there was found in the packet that day's number of the *Ruhr*, the journal of the National Government of Warsaw. How could the paper have got into the well-sealed packet coming from abroad? That no one has yet been able to discover. 'If this should continue,' the Grand Duke is said to have exclaimed, 'we shall be beaten even if we had ten armies. All our troops will be of no avail so long as we shall not have discovered this National Government!'"

The preparations for the Guards' ball on the 26th inst., in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, are being rapidly proceeded with and in the course of a very few days the deserted picture galleries of the International Exhibition building will have assumed a new and festive character. The preliminary arrangements for the fête are being executed, under the direction of a committee of officers, by a party of fatigue Guardsmen, whose labours have already effected an extraordinary change in the building. The lighting was tested on Saturday evening and pronounced to be perfect. The great difficulty with the committee over which Colonel Francis Seymour, C.B., presides, has been the necessary limit of the invitations to 1,400, where thousands are using every possible influence to obtain them.

DEATH FROM LIGHTNING.—We have to report an awfully sudden death from lightning. On Tuesday, at half-past eleven o'clock, as a national school teacher, John Mooney, stationed at Aughanduff, was engaged instructing a class of children, he was suddenly knocked over by a flash of lightning which illuminated the building for the moment in a manner almost dazzling to the onlookers. A little boy standing near the teacher had his breast and clothes severely singed, and so terrified were the scholars at the awful sight they had just witnessed that some of them screamed aloud, and others rushed from the place. Assistance was speedily procured, and Mooney was removed; but he had been killed on the spot.—*Newry Telegraph*.

An amusing instance of "anticipation" has just taken place in Paris. A great lawyer, determined to distinguish himself in a very complicated and important case, took the trouble not only to study his brief, but also to write out his speech, which he sent, revised and corrected, to the papers. This he did before going into court. On arriving there the defendant asked for time, and was allowed a fortnight, which, however, did not prevent the publication next morning of the "overwhelming statement" which the learned counsel for the prosecution would have made had the case come before the court.—*Paris Letter*.

The best remedy for toothache, tic-doloureux, face-ache, neuralgia, and all nervous affections, is Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills, used according to the directions, allay pain, effectually harden the nerves in decayed teeth, and give power to the whole nervous system, without affecting the bowels. A box is sent free by post for fourteen stamps, from Kendell, chemist, Olapham-road, London.—*[Advt.]*

SHOCKING CHILD MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

MARY ANNE PAYNE, aged 21, residing at No. 6, Allsopp-lane, Marylebone, was brought up to Marylebone Police court by Mr. Burrows, Inspector D division, charged with the wilful murder of Charles Albert Payne, her child aged two years and three months. She was also further charged, on her own confession, with attempting to commit suicide.

The prisoner, who was in mourning and had a veil drawn over her face, was allowed to be seated in the dock.

Maria Spinner said: I live at No. 6, Allsopp-place. The prisoner lives in the same house with her husband. Last night, about eight o'clock, I heard a fearful crash, and on going into the yard I saw Mrs. Payne lying on the stones. I screamed out and called for her husband, who was going up-stairs at the time, and he went off for a doctor as his wife did not speak. I knew she had a child of her own living with her between two and three years of age. The last time I saw it alive was between five and six last evening, when it was playing with my children, and the prisoner came and fetched it to tea. She did not speak to me.

Mary Ann Payne, sister to the prisoner's husband, said: About quarter past eight I went into the bed room with my brother to fetch a blanket by the doctor's orders, and looking at the child I thought it was asleep. I took it in my arms, when its head fell back, and blood gushed from its throat. I was so horrified that I fell back, and remember nothing more.

Mr. William Sedgwick, surgeon, of No. 12, Park-place, Upper Baker-street, said: I was called on the previous evening, about half-past eight, and went to No. 6, Allsopp-place. I found the prisoner in the front parlour on a sofa, in a state of complete collapse, resulting, I had no doubt, from her having thrown herself out of the window. I examined her to discover what injuries she had received, when I found marks and bruises on her elbows and legs. She remained insensible for about seven or eight minutes after my arrival. I had her chest and body rubbed over, and directed her sister-in-law to go up-stairs and get some blankets to cover her with, as she had only her night clothes on at the time. As soon as she had sufficiently revived to be left I went up-stairs to the second floor back room, and there found the bedclothes thrown down to the foot of the bed, and the body of the child lying on the near side of the bed, with its throat cut. I told some one in the house to fetch a policeman. On his arrival we searched the room, and on the floor, near the bed, the policeman found a large table knife. There were marks of blood upon it, but it had apparently been wiped with something. I then went to the open window and noticed marks of blood on the sill. A small flower pot had been knocked over. On going down stairs to the back yard I found blood in three different places on the stones. I went back to the front parlour to attend to the prisoner, and after succeeding in restoring warmth to the body I went home and sent her a reviving mixture. I saw her again at half-past ten, when she had sufficiently recovered from her incoherency to inform me of some of the circumstances of the case. I was also at the same time informed there were some remains of laudanum discovered by the police, and that prisoner had taken a large quantity. Prisoner did not present any symptoms of poison whilst under my notice. This was accounted for by the fact that she had been very sick in her bedroom. The prisoner said to me, "I have been for some time in very low spirits. I cannot account for my being so, as my husband is in constant work and I have a good home. I went out after dinner, and called on Mr. Williams, chemist, of Upper Baker-street, and got two pennyworth of laudanum for the toothache. I then called on Mr. Greenish, chemist, of New-street, Dorset-square, and purchased another two pennyworth of laudanum. After this I went into Mr. How's shop, and he would only serve me with one pennyworth. After I had bought some grocery I went home. My child was with me all the time. On returning home I felt ill, and undressed and went to bed." In reply to a question as to whether she had thrown herself from the window, she said she had no recollection of having done it or anything that occurred. The prisoner has been committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

POISONED BY ACCIDENT.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, on Saturday, was heard a case, *Farrell v. Pound*, Mr. Mills, Q.C., and Mr. F. H. Lewis appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., and Mr. Prentice were for the defendant.

This was an action brought by the widow of a labouring man, of 7, Poole's-place, Gray's-inn-lane, against a chemist and druggist carrying on business in Leather-lane, Holborn, to recover compensation for the loss of her husband, who at the time of his death was about fifty-five years of age, and earning, in constant employment, a guinea per week. It appeared that the deceased was in the habit of taking salts and senna, and on Saturday night, the 23rd of August, he and his wife, on returning from marketing, went into the defendant's shop and asked for one pennyworth of salts and one pennyworth of senna. They were served with two packets, but on reaching home the plaintiff discovered that one packet did not contain senna, and to all appearance the contents of each were salts. She went back with both, but the shop was closed, and her husband on her return, thinking both packets were salts said he would take one of them. The plaintiff gave the smallest packet, and her husband became very ill, sick, and purged, and in ten minutes expired. It was then discovered that he had been poisoned, and that the packet contained oxalic acid. The other packet was really Epsom salts, and although the papers had printed upon them "Epsom salts" and "Oxalic acid—Poison" respectively, neither husband nor wife could read, and hence the lamentable mistake.

On the part of the defendant, it was suggested that the poison was not supplied from Mr. Pound's shop, but it came out in the course of the trial that on the day after the death the defendant's attention was called to the unused packet being labelled with his name and address, and the learned judge, in summing up, said it was a great pity defendant's counsel should have been instructed to suggest that Mrs. Farrell was untruthful and inaccurate when she said she had purchased the packets at defendant's shop, while it was perfectly well known to the defendant and quite clear that she was correct in that statement. It was also suggested on the part of the defendant that the plaintiff had contributed to the death by her own negligence, as she must have taken up a packet of oxalic acid intended for another customer instead of the packet of senna with which she was served; but Mr. Pound admitted that no customer afterwards came to him to say that he or she asked for oxalic acid and received a packet of senna which they did not want. Then it was urged that Mrs. Farrell ought to have noticed that the two packets were not wrapped in the same coloured paper. But the learned judge observed, in summing up, that it was rather too much to expect this poor woman to remember at a distance of perhaps twelve months, that the last time she bought salts and senna of Mr. Pound they were served to her in wrappers precisely similar.

The jury, without hesitation, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £100.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—*[Advt.]*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SWINDLING.

The *Police Gazette* notifies that one Charles Wickes is "wanted" for frauds upon bankers, in Cambridge, Bedford, Ipswich, Tunbridge-wells, and elsewhere, and warrants are out for his apprehension. The young man, however—for such he is—manages not only to allude the vigilance of his would-be captors, but also to continue to impose successfully upon bankers. A few days ago a "young gentleman" called at the Bilston District Bank in Wolverhampton, and presented a letter of introduction, professedly from a clergyman living in the neighbourhood; and the address and deportment of the bearer of the letter were such as excited no suspicion. He said that he had come into the neighbourhood with the view of purchasing an estate, which he named, at Chesterton, near Bridgenorth; and for the purchase of which, he added, he had agreed. In a short time he should take up his residence on his newly-acquired property, for he had married a lady of fortune, whose family lived near to the estate. Of all the banks in the district he should, under advice, prefer the Bilston District Bank at which to have his account, and he now desired to open it by having a check for 2,000*l.* drawn upon the Southampton Bank, placed to his credit. With this check as security, no difficulty was experienced by the "young gentleman" in obtaining the means of supplying his immediate expenses; for he "had not supplied himself with cash." Readily, therefore, the small sum for which he asked—only 40*l.*—was handed to him, and he shortly left the bank. The answer from Southampton, when the "handsome check" was presented, was that the "gentleman" in question had possessed himself of one of their check-books, but that was all they knew about him; he certainly had "no effects" in the Southampton Bank. The matter is now in the hands of the local police. The "young gentleman," who is supposed to be about thirty years of age, on arriving at Wolverhampton took up his quarters at the leading hotel. Here, after a time, he ordered out a carriage and pair to drive him to the residence of the clergyman whose good nature he correctly calculated upon as a means to the end designed. The driver, however, appeared without white gloves. This was unbearable. He was quickly instructed to assume them, for he (the visitor) "could not think of his attempting to drive him without white gloves." On the step of the carriage "the gentleman" paused to instruct the coachman to stop at the most fashionable hatter's in the town, where the visitor handed in his hat to have a mourning band put upon it. Duly arrived at the residence of the clergyman, he sent in his card with a mourning border. The card announced him to be "Mr. Charles Wickes, Woodlands, Spring-grove, and Carlton Club, Pall-mall." This address obtained him a ready audience. Now face to face with the rev. gentleman the latter was quite prepared, from the features of his visitor, to believe him when he said that he was the son of an old parishioner whom he (the clergyman) knew when he had a living at Cambridge. The young gentleman had embraced the profession of architect, and furthermore was an author; for it was he, he asserted, who had written the work, published by Weale and by Ackerman, on the "Towers and Spires of England." He was in that neighbourhood sketching the collegiate church of Wolverhampton, with a view to the publication of his sketch in another work which he was preparing; but he was without ready cash, and desired an introduction to one of the banks in the district. He not only obtained the note of introduction, but also an invitation to dinner on the following day. It is, however, needless to say that, having obtained the £40, he was not of the rev. gentleman's dinner party on the morrow, nor was he to be found at the hotel.

INHUMAN CONDUCT TOWARDS A DYING MAN.

An inquiry was held by Mr. H. Bailles Walthew, the deputy coroner, at the Morpeth Castle Tavern, Hackney-wick, respecting the death of Joseph Burgess, aged sixty years. Deceased was a gardener, and was married a fortnight before his death to a woman, who was cohabiting with a man named Langton. He became suddenly ill some days after, and his wife said that she would go and "bring the clergyman to pray to him." She did not bring the clergyman, however, and she never returned until the following morning, when deceased was dead. The man Langton had called on deceased, and tried to drag off him the counterpane, saying, "that it was his (Langton's), and that Sophie had no right to get it out of pawn, and give it to him (deceased)." The dying man clutched the counterpane, almost the only article on the bed, with all his remaining strength, saying that it was got with his money, and he managed to retain his grasp until a neighbour came in and stopped the shocking contest. Several witnesses stated that the deceased was much neglected. When Mrs. Burgess returned, after stopping out all night, she said "that she had been taking a little beer with a friend." Her motive in trying to get the clergyman was stated to be to endeavour to get mutton chops, and not prayers. Sophia Burgess, of Chapman's-road, said that she went out on the morning in question to get a doctor and a clergyman, but she failed. She remained out all night accidentally. She did what she could for deceased, and she sold her marriage ring to get him comforts. By the Coroner: She had lived up to her marriage with a man named Langton. She met him on the evening of the day she went for a clergyman. A juror: What did you marry the poor old man for—for love, or for his money? Witness: For neither, sir; but because I respected him. (Laughter). Mr. George Miller said that, from certain rumours in the neighbourhood, he had examined the stomach of the deceased for poison. He found no trace whatever of any. The cause of deceased's death was bronchitis. The coroner severely animadverted on the disgraceful conduct of deceased's new made wife and her paramour. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from bronchitis," and strongly censured the conduct of deceased's wife.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—The existence of this extraordinary object of curiosity, if not also of terror, has received additional corroboration in the subjoined letter, which has been received in Liverpool from one of the officers of the African mail steamer *Athenian*:—"Cape Palmas, May 16, 1863.—All doubts may now be set at rest about the great sea serpent. On the 6th of May the African royal mail steamer *Athenian*, on her passage from Teneriffe to Bathurst, fell in with one. About seven a.m. John Chapple, quartermaster, at the wheel, saw something floating towards the ship. He called the attention of the Rev. Mr. Smith and another passenger, who were on deck at the time, to it. On nearing the steamer it was discovered to be a huge snake, about one hundred feet long, of a dark brown colour, head and tail out of water, the body slightly under. On its head was something like a mane, and the body was about the size of our mainmast."

A DEER SWIMMING ACROSS THE CLYDE, NEAR DUNOON.—One evening at the end of last week, two lads who were in the neighbourhood of the Cloch Lighthouse, near Dunoon, saw an object in the water approaching them. At last the object reached soundings, but the particular spot chosen was thickly covered with seaweed and long ropes of tangle, among which it got itself twisted, and after an ineffectual effort to free itself, it floundered and sank. Assistance was now obtained, and a rope was passed round the body of the drowned creature, which on being landed proved to be a roebuck. The animal, it is supposed, had taken the water on the opposite coast and swam across the channel, a distance of about four miles. Exhausted with the long swim it died after reaching the shore. It is said that the passage of deer from the opposite coast is of frequent occurrence. Some weeks ago one landed safely, and took instantly to the shrubbery by the roadside and escaped.—*Greenock Advertiser*.

ADVENTURES OF A PRUSSIAN OFFICER IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

A LETTER from the Confederate camp contains the following:—

"The consternation of Carl Schurz and his flying Dutchmen when Jackson burst upon their rear, the panic-struck terror of their flight, the stream of muskets, knapsacks, oilcloths, and blankets which mark their retrograde track, could alone be done justice to by the pen which stereotyped the 'stampede' of Bull Run, and drew down upon its wielder a venomous wrath from which the recurrence of many similar stampedes will possibly shelter his humbler successors. It is singular how badly, on the whole, the Federal Germans have fought. Finer material, so far as the eye can judge, than many of these German regiments cannot be conceived. The chief distinction which they have gained in this war has been as proficient in the art of Blenkerism. Their flight was indignantly witnessed by Captain Scheibert, their countryman, who joined the Confederate army about two months ago as commissioner, sent by the Prussian Government to report upon that army's organization and efficiency, and who is attached to the staff of General Stuart. An incident befel this officer after the battle of Sunday has afforded general amusement. Anxious to procure forage for his sorry steed after the great battle at Chancellorsville, he undertook an expedition in search of a house, and, after wandering some distance, came upon a shanty, in the door of which stood a negro woman. He was proceeding to importune her in the best English which he could command for corn, when from behind her issued no less than six Yankees, musket on shoulder. Captain Scheibert was dressed in Confederate uniform, and although there is good reason to think that the Yankees desired much more to be taken than to take prisoners, his fate appeared inevitable. But taking heart of grace, he drew and flourished a tremendous German sabre, exclaiming, 'Surrender! behind me finds itself all the cavalry.' The Yankees made no remonstrance, and he marched them, musket still on shoulder, for a mile and a half until he rejoined General Stuart. Just before they reached the general, one of the prisoners, thinking

that some protest was needed under the circumstances, exclaimed, 'Captain, had we known that your cavalry was such a long way off, we'd have taken you prisoner instead.' As Captain Scheibert was standing near General Lee during the battle a spent bullet rolled nearly up to the feet of the latter. Picking it up, the general politely handed it to the captain as a memento, destined, doubtless, to make its way to Prussia and adorn many a tale hereafter. Captain Scheibert expresses his enthusiastic admiration of the clan and spirit with which the Confederate soldiers skirmish and fight."

THE "Life of Caesar," by the Emperor Napoleon III, is now in the press. The work will form three volumes, of which only the first two will appear at present.

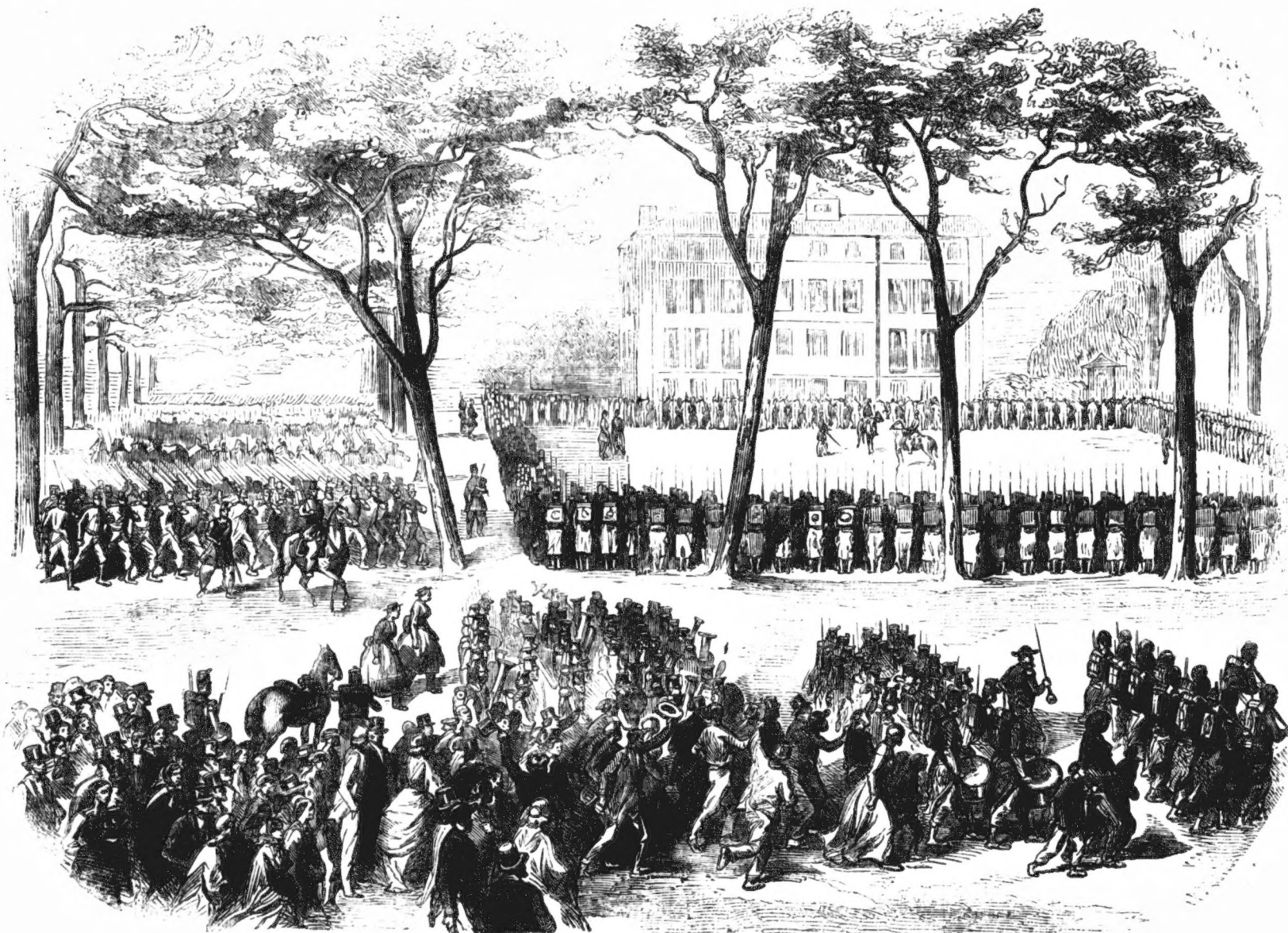
THE CAMP AT CHALONS.

A LETTER from the camp of Chalons on Tuesday states that the entire division of cavalry, composed of the 1st and 4th Regiments of Lancers, the 4th and 9th Regiments of Dragoons, are expected in the camp by the end of the week, when the grand manoeuvres such as are practised during a campaign in the presence of the enemy are to be commenced. A mass was celebrated in the camp on Sunday last for the first time this season. The troops were all placed under arms, and a number of strangers, as well as several of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, attended divine service. At twelve precisely the various regiments, in full dress, with their bands at their head, playing solemn music, marched towards the altar which was erected on the plain. The altar was decorated with trophies, colours and various military devices. The troops on their arrival were placed in the following order:—The first division of infantry to the right of the altar, the second in front, and the third on the left. The ranks were closed, in order that the troops might approach the altar as near as possible, and the two brigades of each division, in place of being drawn up one after the other according to custom, were placed side by side, in order that they might hear the priest. A space was left vacant in front of the altar among the troops for Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers and his

staff. On the arrival of the troops the standard bearers placed themselves with their colours at the foot and at the sides of the altar, on the steps of which the sappers stood with their axes on the right shoulder. Three cannon shots were fired during the mass; the first when the priest ascended the altar; the second at the elevation; and the third at the conclusion of the religious ceremony. The band of one of the regiments performed pieces of sacred music during the celebration of Divine service, and at the conclusion the hymn *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem* was chanted by hundreds of martial voices. At the moment of the elevation, the most solemn part of the mass, the cannon roared, the drums beat a salute, the soldiers, falling on one knee, presented arms, and the colours were lowered, which produced a most imposing effect. A military mass is to be celebrated in the camp every Sunday during the season.



THE ZOUAVES AT PUEBLA.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR GENERAL FOREY, LEAVING ORIZABA.

The Court.

A deputation representing the ladies of North Wales had an interview with the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Saturday, and presented to her royal highness the jewels subscribed for by the ladies of the northern counties. Each lady of the deputation represented one of the counties of North Wales. There were present the Countess of Powis, Lady Lucy Herbert, Lady Louisa Pennant, Lady Williams Wynn, the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Wynne, and Mrs. William Gladstone. The Countess of Vane, who was also deputed from one of the Welsh counties, was unavoidably prevented from attending upon this occasion. The present was composed of a loek formed of emeralds and diamonds, earrings to correspond, and a brooch also formed of emeralds and diamonds. On the loek was a motto in Welsh, signifying "To our own Princess." The Princess of Wales was attended by the Countess de Grey, lady in waiting, and Lord Harris, chamberlain. The Prince of Wales was present at the reception.

Her Majesty will leave Windsor for Osborne, Isle of Wight, on Saturday, the 4th proximo. The Queen will remain at Osborne until the 28th, and then return to Windsor Castle, and on the 31st will take her departure for Germany. Her Majesty pays constant visits to the Mausoleum, which is beginning to assume an appearance of solemn grandeur.—*Court Journal.*

The Queen has given Prince Alfred the Order of the Garter. No official notification is necessary, or even usual, when her Majesty's own family are admitted into this Order, though, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, it is no part of their inheritance.—*Court Journal.*

THE BALLAST-HEAVERS AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE ballast-heavers of the port of London have volunteered a testimonial to the late Prince Consort. In a letter to the Queen they state:—"Before he came to our aid we could only get work through a body of river-side publicans and middlemen, who made us drink before they would give us a job, made us drink while at it, and kept us waiting for our wages, and drinking after we had done our work, so that we could take only half our wages home to our families, and that half too often reached them through a drunkard's hand." They could get no help till they appealed to the Prince Consort. He got a clause inserted in the Merchant Shipping Act which put them under the control of the corporation of the Trinity House, passed rules for their employment, got their wages paid in money, gave them a house to wait in for their work, supplied it with papers and books, and encouraged them to form a sick and benefit society. They have, therefore, asked the Queen for an engraving of their benefactor to hang in their room. The following reply has been repy has been returned to their letter:—

"Windsor Castle, June 12, 1863.

"My dear sir—I have had the honour to lay before her Majesty the Queen the address from the ballast-heavers of the Port of London, which you have forwarded to me for presentation. Her Majesty has been deeply touched by this spontaneous testimony to the active benevolence of her beloved husband, and amongst all the tokens of sympathy in her grief, which she has gratefully received from all classes of her people, no one has been more gratifying to the Queen, and no one more in harmony with her feelings, than the simple and unpretending tribute from these honest, hard-working men. I am commanded to request that you will assure the ballast-heavers that the interest in their welfare so usefully displayed by him whose life was employed in endeavouring to benefit the people of this country, is fully shared by her Majesty, and that her Majesty rejoices to hear of the happy change in their moral and social condition. The Queen has the greatest pleasure in complying with the request contained in the address, and has ordered two prints of the Prince Consort, one in uniform, and one in ordinary dress, to be framed and presented, to be hung in the room in which the ballast-heavers wait; to these her Majesty has added one of herself, as the Queen would wish, in the remembrance of these grateful men, to be associated with the memory of her great and good husband, whose virtues they have so highly and justly appreciated.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

"Fredk. J. Furnivall, Esq."

"C. B. PHIPPS.

MADAME RISTORI.

THE portrait in page 12 is that of Madame Ristori the eminent Italian tragic actress. Madame Ristori is considered the worthy successor of the great tragedienne Rachel. She is unquestionably the finest actress of the day. "Medea" is the piece in which she displays the greatest variety of emotion, and her fine picturesque delineation is everywhere fully appreciated. Madame Ristori is now performing at Her Majesty's Theatre. She is a married lady, and has made herself extremely popular in Italy by the many performances she has given in behalf of those who lost parents and relatives during the war of independence.

The Medea of Madame Ristori cannot be forgotten by those who have once seen it. The tenderness and motherly solicitude of the first scene, where the disconsolate wanderer suffers her children to beg for food, constitutes a soft and touching prelude to the scene where she learns that Creusa is affianced to Jason, which provokes to the highest degree the rage and jealousy of the deserted wife. The celebrated "leopard" passage, as it has been denominated, is, perhaps, one of the most striking "bits" of acting ever seen, and which will be remembered by historians of the stage hereafter, and recorded with emphasis.

No less fine, in another way, is the opening of the first scene with Jason, in which the tempest that beats so violently within the breast of Medea is kept under by a powerful mental struggle, the sufferer looking sublime in the desperation of her assumed calmness.

It would not be difficult to cite many other passages demonstrating the power and skill of the great tragedienne in her impersonation of Medea, but enough has been indicated to show that Madame Ristori is still perfect mistress of her incomparable talents, and this may suffice at present. In these days when Tragedy, like Keats's *Might*, is

"Half slumbering on his own right arm."

dramatic performance by the Italian tragedienne is to be prized as special novelty.

ASSAULT ON AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN PARIS.—A curious case was tried, on Wednesday, in Paris, by a new law, which does away with the delays which seem inherent to law throughout the world, and decrees that those taken in "flagrante delicto" be tried immediately. This crime was committed on the night of the 7th, and was judged to-day. A young English lady, not knowing one word of French, arrived by the train from Havre. She had a written address, "Mrs. Brown, Rue des Grands Augustins," which she handed to the driver of a cab which she hailed at the station. The coachman, instead of driving towards the place indicated, took a directly opposite course, and, having arrived at the Parc Monceau—a district just now suffering severely from the chronic attack of improvement which rages throughout Paris—jumped down from the box, opened the door, and brutally assaulted the young Englishwoman. She, however, made an effective resistance, and escaped from the ruffian, who was subsequently arrested, and was fined fifteen francs, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.—*Paris Letter.*

BOW BELLS.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. 33, for Wednesday, June 24, 1863.

CONTAINS:—

WOMAN'S WORTH. By Eliza Win-
stanley. Illustrated by Thwaites.
The Ladies' Page.—The Work-table,
The Toilette, and Ladies' Guide.
Pictorial Sketches.—Folkstone,
and the South-Eastern Coast. Il-
lustrated.
Essays.—The Burning of Moscow.
Necessity for Bodily Exercise.
Adventures, National Customs, and
Curious Facts.—The Red Avenger.
A Sad Story. Providential De-
liverances. A Bridal at Jerusa-
lem.
The Fine Arts.—Summer Flowers.
Our Portrait Gallery.—Mademoiselle
Titians.
London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

D.	R.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
20	S	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837	4 24	4 41	
21	S	3rd Sunday after Trinity	4 58	5 16	
22	M	Battle of Morat, 1476	5 34	5 54	
23	T	Akenside died, 1770	6 13	6 33	
24	W	St. John Baptist. Midsum. day	6 55	7 15	
25	T	Battle of Bannockburn, 1314	7 44	8 13	
26	F	Cambridge Easter Term ends	8 44	9 18	

MOON'S CHANGES.—24th, First quarter 10h. 31m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

1 Samuel 2: Luke 5.

EVENING.

1 Samuel 3; Galatians 5.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

A RECRUIT (Hounslow).—It will cost you £20 to procure your discharge. To obtain it, you must speak to your sergeant to apply to the captain, and through him to the colonel. The whole affair is a matter of consent and favour on the part of the colonel: you are wrong in the belief that you can claim it as a right.

G. V.—The New Brunswick Company are selling land at 4s. an acre; but it would cost £4 an acre to clear it thoroughly. It would be better as a beginner to give £2 an acre for land partially cleared, and commence on a small scale.

A. B. C.—The salary is a guinea a week. A policeman on duty is not permitted to enter a public-house for the purpose of being treated to drink by a friend.

A. Z. can procure a form of will for sixpence from any law-stationer. Two witnesses, not interested in the contents of the will, must attest it. There is no such law nor penalty as that which you mention.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE siege of Puebla, which has just ended in a success to the French arms, has been one of the most memorable military events on the American continent. Although the Mexican war is cast into the shade by the magnitude of the contest in the Anglo-Saxon regions of North America, yet it must have a lasting influence on one of the most important countries in the world. In itself, the war is remarkable enough. France has sent across the ocean a powerful army, which is fighting its way to the capital under difficulties that might deter a less adventurous people. After infinite trouble and many disappointments, after losses by fever and cholera, and the sword of the enemy, which made larger and larger reinforcements necessary, the French have got possession of Puebla, and by the middle of last month were ready to march on the city of Mexico. It cannot be denied that the intelligence is most timely. The discontent of the French people, though it found no vent through any public channel, was deep and general, and the spell of constant success which the Emperor has cast around himself seemed likely to be broken. But now France has won a victory, and may continue the war or retire from it. The troops on both sides appear to have acquitted themselves well. The French were gallant and persevering as ever, while the Mexicans showed a stubbornness in defending their strongholds which proves that they are worthy of independence and nationality. It may be said that their territory was not a difficult one to hold. The road from Vera Cruz to Orizaba and Puebla is one which a determined people could make impassable to any but an overwhelming force. When the French found General Ortega holding the fortifications of Puebla they were already 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, and had been obliged to bring with them up that height not only the materials of war, but their provisions and supplies of all kinds. But that the Mexicans should resist at all was more than the world or than the French generals expected. The city was fortified with considerable skill, and when the French appeared before it they found it quite impossible to carry the place by assault. The loss of life in capturing one or two points of the defence was considerable, and the news that reached Europe but a fortnight since seemed to indicate that the siege would be greatly prolonged. However, the valour or the fortune of France has prevailed. General Ortega, who seemed likely to bar the way to the city of Mexico until the enemy should be worn out with their difficult enterprise, has capitulated with his whole force of 18,000 men, and these will, it is said, be sent down to the coast and shipped for Martinique. All that now remains is to advance upon the capital, though it may be that the Mexicans will fight other battles for the possession of it, as they did in 1847 against the Americans. Indeed, the campaign of General Scott is in many respects very like the present. The resistance then, as now, was greater than was expected, and the time spent in advancing from the coast to the capital seemed indefinitely long. General Scott landed at Vera Cruz on the 9th of March, and it was not till the middle of August that he appeared before the city of Mexico. He had then to spend a month longer on the reduction of the place. That the Mexicans will be equally obstinate in the present war we

cannot predict, but from their conduct hitherto it appears not at all improbable.

GENERAL GRANT'S first movements on Vicksburg were so successful that the capture of the place was regarded by the Federal army as certain. That belief was fully shared by the populations of the great Northern cities. But the first accounts were not followed by the result generally expected, and a fortnight has elapsed, still leaving the Federal investing force outside the fortified lines. With every day, therefore, the position of General Grant was becoming more critical. The main purpose of his advance had been foiled, and the fortune of the Federal arms, at the date of the last accounts, was balancing between a temporary check and total failure. The unfavourable progress of an operation which commenced so successfully has caused more than usual perplexity in the commercial and financial circles of New York. A cold fit of depression has followed the first excitement more rapidly than could be anticipated, or, rather, failure was not anticipated at all. Even the ominous silence of the Government at Washington, continued through more than ten days, did not totally destroy the firm belief that Vicksburg must have fallen. The feeling of disappointment was strong, the "uncertainty of the result" had damped all kinds of speculation, and produced a decline in nearly all kinds of Government securities. In fact, though the issue is still undetermined, commerce and finance receive the details of the actual assault on Vicksburg as descriptions of disaster. These accounts have not arrived through Southern channels. They are dated from the Federal headquarters, and do not, therefore, conceal or understate anything that could be represented as an advantage. Indeed, they describe the fighting as so determined on the side of the Federals, and their loss as so heavy, that the public disappointment must have been considerably deepened by the proofs that the courage of the troops achieved so much, and yet fell short of the success that ought to have rewarded it. All the details leave an impression that unusual energy had secured very slight results. The engagements in which General Pemberton, the Confederate commander, was defeated gave General Grant a brilliant opening of a game which took an adverse turn at the next stage. He fought his way skillfully into a position he could scarcely expect to hold without a greater success beyond it.

RUSSIAN TERRORISM.

A LETTER from Cracow of the 9th inst. states that among the Russian officers remarkable for their cruelty is General Count Toll. Having been appointed to guard the railway, he arrogates to himself the right of life and death over all the inhabitants of the districts through which the railway passes. Having lately occupied the town of Ostrow, in the district of Ostrolenka, with two companies of infantry and 100 Cossacks, he searched all the houses, and threatened the women and children that if they were discovered to hold communication with the insurgents they should be flogged to death. He sent for a wealthy Israelite named Berck, and said to him, "You are the owner of a house in this town?" "Yes," replied Berck. "Is there not a tailor living in that house?" "Yes." "How is he employed?" screamed the general, clenching his fists at the same time. "He lives by his labour." "You are a liar; he makes uniforms for the insurgents." "I have not seen him, and I cannot tell anything about that." "Well," replied the general, "to teach you to know henceforth what your tenants are doing you shall receive 200 lashes." The general's decree was punctually executed by the Cossacks, and the unfortunate Berck died two hours afterwards. The general set out the following day for the town of Brok, and on his passage he commanded that the State forests should be set on fire. By his command 750 acres of full grown timber were consumed. The insurgents in the district of Ostrolenka have since been reinforced, and they are again ready for action under fresh leaders. The women who were imprisoned at Warsaw for singing religious hymns to the national air have been set at liberty after having been flogged."

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN CANADA.—The welcome anniversary of the Queen's birthday (says the *Montreal Gazette*) was hailed this year with delight by all classes of our citizens, who vied with each other in generous rivalry in doing it all and more honour than has ever been paid it in this loyal and spirited capital of Canada. Flags courted the breeze from countless towers, windows, and house-tops, and the ships in the harbour looked their best, decked out in gayest bunting. The great event of the day, however, and that which engaged all thoughts, was the grand military spectacle announced to take place on Logan's Farm. The Queen's birthday brought Queen's fair weather, the skies being clear, with bright sunshine and mild breezes, the elements contributing their full share to the enjoyment of our citizens and the success of the pageant. About eleven o'clock our streets presented an animated appearance, crowds of ladies and gentlemen in holiday attire hurrying to the Champ-de-Mars to witness the assembling of the volunteers, who, it was understood, were to muster here, form, and then march to Logan's Farm. Several battalions did proceed to this ground and rest on their arms a few minutes, but others marched on to the farm without an intermediate halt. The way throughout was lined with spectators, hundreds of whom accompanied each regiment and battalion attracted by the music of the fine bands.

FEROCIOUS ATTACK BY DOGS ON A HORSE.—Yesterday morning a groom was riding a valuable and spirited horse belonging to Mr. W. J. Jennings, of the British-road, in Sir Harry's-road, when the animal was attacked by three large powerful mastiffs, a blood-hound, and two other dogs, believed to belong to a gentleman in the neighbourhood. The animals were supposed to be in charge of a servant in the neighbourhood, but he had evidently lost control over them, for they seized upon the horse's legs, and struggled fiercely to reach his head and throat, and also to get at the rider. The horse defended himself nobly, standing on his hind legs, striking out right and left with his fore feet, and knocking over his savage assailants repeatedly. The man's courage and firm seat perhaps preserved his life, for if he had been thrown there can be little doubt that the savage brutes would have worried him on the spot. The man at last succeeded in getting the horse away from the dogs and reaching his master's premises before they could overtake him, although they followed him in "full cry," like a pack of hounds. The affair lasted between four and five minutes. The shouting of the mad, the violent plunging of the horse, the savage growl of the dogs, and the cries of the lookers-on, aroused the residents of the whole neighbourhood, who regarded with mingled fear and surprise the extraordinary scene. The poor horse's legs were sadly torn and lacerated.—*Birmingham Post.*

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[*Advt.*]

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IN THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

THE illustration on the front page represents the memorial erected to the late Prince Albert, and also to perpetuate the recollection of the Exhibition of 1851. The memorial was inaugurated with great state, the ceremony being of a most imposing character. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Alfred, and other members of the royal family arrived in state carriages at four p.m., and proceeded to a gallery erected at the back of the Exhibition building. They were received by a large assemblage of officials, including many provincial mayors. Several of the ambassadors were present, as well as Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and other leading political personages.

On the royal party taking their seats in front of the balcony there was a loud cheer from those immediately in front, and the three bands of the Guards united played "God Save the Queen." The president of the council of the Royal Horticultural Society then presented an address to his royal highness, which, however, was not read. Mr. Godwin, on the part of the executive committee of the memorial committee, then read an address, to which the Prince made an appropriate reply. The memorial was then uncovered. A flourish of trumpets and a salute of artillery announced the fact. The fountains began to play, and the united bands of the Guards played the Coronation March from the "Prophets." The aspect of the garden at this moment was extremely picturesque. Immediately below and in front of the balcony there was a large assemblage of persons, the ladies preponderating. Then there were double lines of spectators along the route which the procession was to take in the garden. The line was still more distinctly marked by the banners of the various corporate towns, beginning with those of Aberdeen and Belfast, which floated gaily in the breeze, and which, instead of being borne in the procession, were, for convenience sake, fixed along the route in regular succession. The whole quadrangle of the garden was alive with animation and resplendent with colours of the richest and most variegated hues, while the perspective, bounded on every side by rows of lofty houses of great symmetry and architectural beauty, gave solidity and repose to the whole. These cold regular lines of houses formed, as it were, the framework to a beautiful tableau. It was impossible not to be struck with the scene, and the expression of admiration was universal at the perspective presented. The Prince and Princess of Wales, having on their left the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and the Duke of Cambridge, and on their right the Princess Helena, the Princess Louise, and the Princes Alfred, Arthur, and Leopold, seemed highly gratified with the beauty of the prospect before them. The procession then descended from the balcony, and entering the garden by the centre arch, proceeded through a double line of gentlemen and "bevis of fair women" till it reached the great basin, where a short pause was made for the purpose of taking a closer view of the memorial, which may here be described:—It is forty-two feet in height and eighteen feet across the base at the angles. These dimensions, it should be said, refer to the granite memorial alone, and do not include the Portland stone substructure erected by the Horticultural Society. The base of the memorial presents four curved surfaces, each containing a panel of red polished granite. At the angles, and below the feet of the statues, are bronze reliefs representing the medals awarded at the Exhibition. Above this base, seated, and resting against the sub-plinth, are the statues of the four quarters of the globe, eight feet in height. Europe bears a mural crown upon her head; one hand holds a wreath, the arm resting on a rudder; in her lap is a sheathed sword bound with laurel, emblematical of the peace she enjoyed during the year of the event. The drapery of Asia is composed of cashmere and muslin; and, as characterising the Asiatic who accumulates wealth in precious stones, she is adorned with jewels. The head is the portrait of an Indian princess. Africa is listless and inert; a coarse wrapper of native make is thrown around the lowest portion of the statue. America, the youngest in form and feature, no longer represented as an Indian in a costume of feathers, may be viewed as a haughty daughter of Britannia. In one hand she holds the primitive bow and arrows of the Indian, the other rests upon an axe, suggestive of clearance and the inroad of civilisation; the head is adorned with rice and stars. Above these statues, and rising from the sub-plinth, are eight columns of polished red granite, and eight corresponding *antæ*, all with bronze capitals and bases. Between the pilasters are four tablets taking a circular form, and inscribed with the history of the Exhibition and the dedication of the memorial. These tablets, as well as the columns, are monolithic. The columns support an entablature which breaks round them. In the frieze of this are incised texts:—

"Let all nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled."—Isaiah, xliii, 9
"I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember the wonders of old."—Psalm lxxvii, 2.

Above the entablature, carrying up the outline of the tablets, rises the pedestal of the crowning statue. It is one block of red granite, thus continuing the line of colour throughout the monument. In the statue, ten feet high, the prince is represented, by her Majesty's express command, in the robes of the Great Master of the Bath. Minute attention has been paid to the detail of the robes and orders. The inscriptions on the memorial are very full—thus: On the south tablet, facing the Exhibition building, we have the names of those who were mainly interested in the undertaking of 1853—Her Majesty's commissioners, with their president, his royal highness the Prince Consort, the special commissioners, and the executive committee. On the east tablet, a list of the exhibiting countries, British and foreign. On the west tablet are the following statistics of the Exhibition:—

"Opened by her Majesty Queen Victoria, May 1, 1851; closed October 15, 1851; number of visitors, 6,039,195; total receipts, £522,179; total expenditure, £335,742; number of exhibitors, 13,937—viz., British, 7,381; foreign, 6,556; size of building 1,848 feet by 456 feet; architect, Sir Joseph Paxton; contractors, Fox and Henderson."

On the north tablet is the dedication of the memorial itself:—
"Erected by public subscription, originally intended only to commemorate the International Exhibition of 1851, now dedicated also to the memory of the great author of that undertaking, the good Prince, to whose far-seeing and comprehensive philanthropy its first conception was due; and to whose clear judgment and untiring exertions in directing its execution the world is indebted for its unprecedented success.—Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emmanuel, the Prince-Consort, born August 26th, 1819; died December 14th, 1861.

"He was a man I love him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

In a tablet below, on the south side:—

"Uncovered by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,
June 10th, 1863."

The total cost of the memorial will be about 7,500*l*.

The *Birmingham Gazette* states that the first of several dining-rooms, which three or four gentlemen in Birmingham are organising on the principle of the Glasgow cooking depots, was opened the other day in Birmingham. It is proposed to form a joint-stock company to carry out the measure on a more extensive scale than could be done by individual efforts.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whittet and Mann, 122, Holborn Hill. Manufactory, Ipswich.—*Advt.*

THE COMMEMORATION AT OXFORD.

THE solemn, quiet days of Oxford's academic year, the regular routine of chapel and of college, end with this week in all the joviality which marks "Commemoration." In this great University rejoicing greasy recollections of "gated" days, ruined honours and plucked fame are all alike forgotten. The past week was Commemoration week—when unpopular proctors have to screw up their courage to meet the undergraduates in the theatre; when gay crowds and pleasant parties throng the fine old College Quads; when the dim religious-looking windows are filled with blooming faces, and the sanctuaries of the grass plots are trodden unneeded. Oxford at all times is a cheerful place, and in Commemoration time is merrier than ever; but the Commemoration of this year may be one, the like of which the University has never seen since when, just forty-nine years ago, the Sheldonian Theatre was honoured with the presence of the allied sovereigns, when George IV. was Regent. But even the rejoicings on that great occasion were surpassed on this, for now the undergraduates had to welcome their late fellow-governman and his fair young bride. The programme offered for the acceptance, and for the enjoyment also of the youthful pair, was of the same diversified kind as marked every day of the Prince's long route through Canada into the far West beyond the Mississippi. It is such a programme as only a very young and very happy pair could venture to undertake, and we much doubt if a young princess was ever called upon, as an enjoyment, to go through so much before. Leaving aside the railway journey down to the city on Tuesday, there were also private receptions and public routes gone through—a public welcome, with addresses, at Magdalen-bridge, a procession through Oxford, a grand distribution of prizes to Volunteers, a special congregation in the Sheldonian Theatre, a Fancy Fair and Bazaar, a Horticultural and Flower Show, a magnificent banquet to which 400 guests sat down in the hall of Christchurch in the evening, and a ball in the beautiful new Corn Exchange, where the visitors were somewhat rashly expected not only to find room for themselves, but room for the dancing also. On Wednesday there was another grand banquet and ball, a rowing match, the procession of boats, a Freemasons' fete, a great collation at All Souls, and, above and beyond all, the Eucenia or Commemoration—where the undergraduates can express their opinion, and when they avail themselves of their privilege to the utmost as Dr. Pusey and others already know.

The following were designated as the select few upon whom the degree of D.O.L. was conferred:—

The Right Hon. the Earl Spencer, Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Mount-Edgcombe, Lord of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Right Hon. Lord Harris, K.S.I., Chamberlain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Lieut.-General Knollys, Comptroller and Treasurer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The Right Hon. Earl Granville, K. G., Lord President of the Council.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, K.G., Secretary of State for the Colonies.

His Excellency M. Torben de Bille, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the King of Denmark.

The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.A., Balliol, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, M.P. for the city of Oxford.

The Right Hon. James Whiteside, Q.C., M.P. for the University of Dublin.

Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Bart., M.A., Balliol, M.P. for Stamford.

Sir Hugh McCallmont Cairns, Q.C., M.P. for Belfast.

William Robert Seymour Vesey Fitzgerald, M.A., Oriel, M.P. for Horsham.

THE DEMOLITION OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

THE demolition of the old walls was a work of extreme difficulty, and the height of the principal tower (200 feet) so terrified the workmen that they refused to encounter the risk of pulling it down. When soon made the work practicable. He caused a hole to be dug, about four feet wide, at the base of the north-west pillar, the tower being supported by four columns, each fourteen feet in diameter, and then wrought a hole two feet square in the centre of the pillar, in which he placed a box containing eighteen pounds of powder. A cane was fixed to the box with a match, and the aperture securely closed. The train was now to be fired, and Wren anxiously watched the result, which was surprising. The explosion of that small portion of gunpowder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with the two arches resting upon it, but also the two adjoining arches of the aisles. The explosion seemed deliberate enough; first the walls cracked to the top, and visibly lifted up the whole about nine inches, which, falling backwards, split into a vast ruin, without the least scattering. It was about half a minute before the mass of masonry, opening in several places, began to emit smoke. The shock of that great weight, falling from a height of 200 feet, alarmed the Londoners with an expectation of an earthquake.

A second explosion took place under the direction of an assistant, who, disobeying Wren's orders, put a greater quantity of powder and was less careful in securing it. The necessary effect followed, but a block of stone was projected to the opposite side of the churchyard, and falling into a bookseller's balcony, did considerable mischief. The further use of gunpowder being forbidden by authority, Wren was forced to use other expedients. A battering-ram was constructed. He caused a mast, forty feet long, to be shod with iron at the thickest end, and being strengthened with bars and ferules, it was set to work. Thirty men impelled the machine against the walls, and beat a whole day without the least visible result. He encouraged them to proceed. On the second day the wall was observed to oscillate at the top, and in a few hours it fell to the ground. The labourers were paid 1*s*. 6*d*. per cubic foot for removing the old foundations, and the Company of Carmen agreed to bring the Portland stone from Paul's wharf to the church at 1*s*. 4*d*. per ton, provided each stone did not exceed eight tons and a half in weight. The foundation was opened at the west end and carried to the east.—*City Press*.

LOCKSTITCH EXPLODED.—The idea that has been forced upon the public by cunning manufacturers that had no better hobby to ride upon, that for a family machine it must be a lock-stitch, has at last found a level, and many who have been impressed with this belief have found balm for their wounded feelings by transplanting their noisy, troublesome companion for the charming little Willcox and Gibbs' machine. This little fairy conducts itself in a manner becoming the companion of a lady. Its stitches are numbered by thousands in a minute, and with a quietness that the sleeping infant is not in the least disturbed by this promotor of comfort, and awakes from its sweet dream to gaze upon a new-born robe, made with the most exquisite taste. Mrs. O. says:—"Examined all kinds; took lessons a week on the Wheeler and Wilson; heard the Willcox and Gibbs denounced as worthless in nearly all the other offices; ordered the Willcox and Gibbs; took no instructions; am convinced, and delighted." Mrs. D.:—"Used this stitch some years; have nine to sew for; never knew a seam to rip or machine out of order; the Willcox and Gibbs is the best machine in the world." Mrs. M.:—"Would not accept an offer of two Wheeler and Wilson's for my Willcox and Gibbs." Well may the manufacturers of the Willcox and Gibbs be proud of such an achievement, and the whole world rejoice that they can so easily possess such a boon. *ANTI-LOCKSTITCH*.—[*Advt.*]

A ROMANCE OF THE COLONIES.

AN Australian letter has the following:—"Principally because romantic notions are sometimes formed by gentlemen in England as to the free, unconsuined, and, therefore, happy country life of ladies and gentlemen in a colony, I lately noticed a case in the Bush, rather rare, and, as I think, interesting. Returning to the township of a Victorian watering-place on a Sunday evening after a long stroll in the country I heard coming up behind me at a trot about thirty head of cattle. I observed, as they approached, that they were all milch cows, and that a sort of gentleman in his shirt sleeves, and well mounted, kept them together on the one side, and a woman, also on horseback, was rounding them up on the other side. As she galloped after some errant animal, her habit gracefully flying behind her, and her seat (as she jumped logs and little creeks) safe and assured from long practice, she looked like *Die Vernon* turned useful; and any one would have pronounced her a lady, and an elegant lady too, had she not been driving cattle, which to my prejudiced eye rather complicated her personal appearance with a touch of Smithfield. The whole group swept by, and in a minute or so were lost sight of in the bush. Early on the next morning I was walking through the little township before breakfast, when I saw a milk cart with the most modern style of shining tin pails in it, standing at a door, a man serving the milk, while a woman sat in the cart handling the reins. As they drove off I had a dim recollection of having seen them before, but where or under what circumstances I could not call to mind. I described to my old Scotch landlord what I had seen above described, and at once he told me what he and all his neighbours evidently regarded as one of the most romantic little stories of which the neighbourhood could boast. The pair of equestrians in the bush and the pair in the milk cart were, it seems, one and the same pair. The doctor in the township had discovered all about them. When young and poor they had married in England despite the opposition of friends. The gentleman had been in the navy; the lady had been delicately nurtured. Soon after marriage they resolved to begin the world afresh. They arrived in Victoria very poor. Mr. D., the husband, nearly related to a noble family in England, nevertheless, with honourable strength of will, worked hard with his hands, and his delicate young wife was a devoted and self-denying partner in his hardships. He put by a little money, and bought a few head of stock. And now Mr. D. declares that he is as happy as the day is long, and that he would not exchange his position for the command of the best ship in her Majesty's navy. They have three children, pronounced to be wonders of pretty behaviour and good training; and the father and mother (say the gossips) after nine years of married life 'speak to each other more like lovers than like man and wife.' Together they round up the cattle of an evening, and together they serve the milk in the morning. In the morning, after the 'kiss' are in, she solaces herself and little circle with the piano, and gives an hour or so to the education of her little ones. But it is said that she is not altogether so contented as her lord. 'Why?' said I, deeply interested in this little romance of real life. After many questions, and many answers, here is the outcome of the cross-examination of various witnesses. At the bottom of all the lady's rural felicity is a something which poisons it somewhat—human pride. She is often addressed as a common milkwoman, when she knows she is not a common milkwoman, and she shrinks from the vulgar but extremely natural mistake. A woman who serves milk, were she a princess in disguise, is still a milkwoman to the eyes of the flesh; and suppressed accomplishments can hardly secure recognition. Such a life then, after all, is a mistake. They are a misfit in the social scheme. They may say and try to believe that they are thoroughly happy, but, not associating with those with whom they are fit to associate, and holding aloof from the ignorant and the vulgar, they are in effect almost without society. The troubled pride, therefore, of Mrs. D. is, after all, only the involuntarily expressed consciousness of the unappreciated lady. She is playing a part in the midst of serious life, and is perhaps unreasonably indignant that that life does not more applaud the little drama and admire the milk-woman and the lady so gracefully rolled into one. It is difficult to write so hard against this custom-bound world and yet receive no smart from the process."

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN WHITECHAPEL.

ON Monday night the inhabitants of Whitechapel were thrown into a state of considerable excitement owing to a terrific explosion occurring in one of the large sugar houses belonging to Messrs. Craven and Co., situated in Great Garden-street, Whitechapel. It appears that whilst the work was going on one of the steam-boilers, from some unexplained cause, blew up with a noise resembling the discharge of a piece of ordnance, and in an instant the boiler-room became filled with steam. Unfortunately, five of the workmen were in the chamber, and they became surrounded and prostrated, owing to the scalding nature of the vapour and also the boiling water. The burning coals and coke were forced about in sundry directions, and that portion of the premises was set on fire, but owing to the timely arrival of assistance it was quickly extinguished. Unfortunately, however, the workmen did not escape, as five of them were terribly scalded. Dr. Donohoe, of the Westminster-road, who was passing in his carriage at the time, rushed into the building, followed by other medical gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood, who upon seeing the poor fellows recommended their immediate removal to the London Hospital, which was accordingly done.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO MISS BURDETT COUTTS'S COACHMAN.

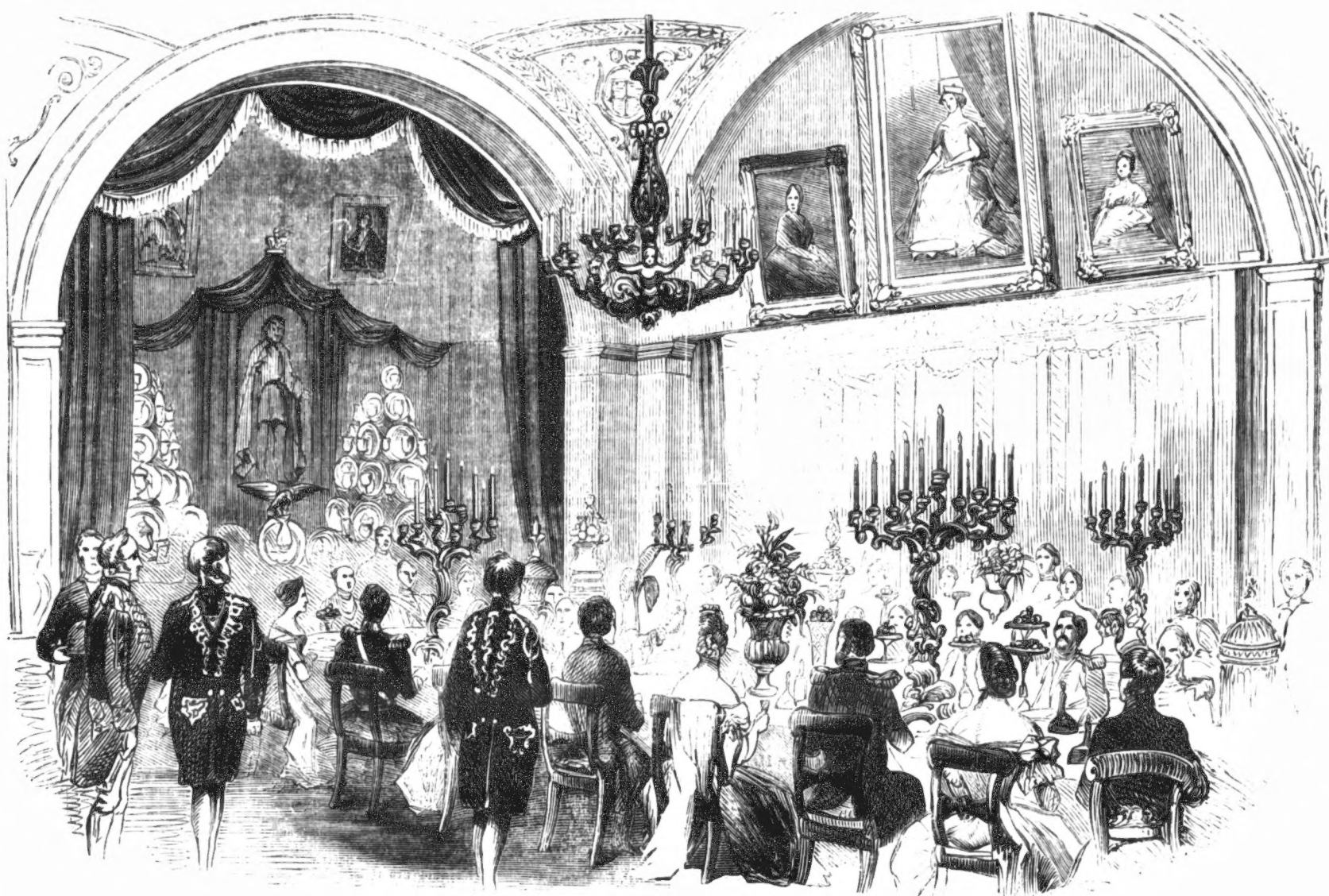
ON Monday, Mr. W. Payne, coroner for the City of London held an inquiry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital respecting the death of Francis Hardy, aged sixty-five years, who lost his life on the night of the City ball under very melancholy circumstances.

Joseph Smith, footman to Miss Burdett Coutts, said that deceased was that lady's coachman. On the previous Monday night he drove the carriage to Guildhall, on the occasion of the ball to the Prince and Princess of Wales. He was to return for Miss Coutts at twelve o'clock, and it was left to his option whether in the meantime he returned to the stables or put up in the neighbourhood. He put up the carriage at Dyer's, in Finsbury-place, and witness left him in the street. About ten o'clock witness met him in the parlour of the Grapes, in London-wall. He was quite sober. They had some bread and cheese. He left the room and witness heard a noise. Witness and others ran out, and after searching about found deceased lying at the bottom of several steps, perfectly senseless. He appeared to have gone along the passage into the yard, where he evidently mistook the door of a sort of a cellar for that of the closet, and fell headlong to the bottom of the steep stairs.

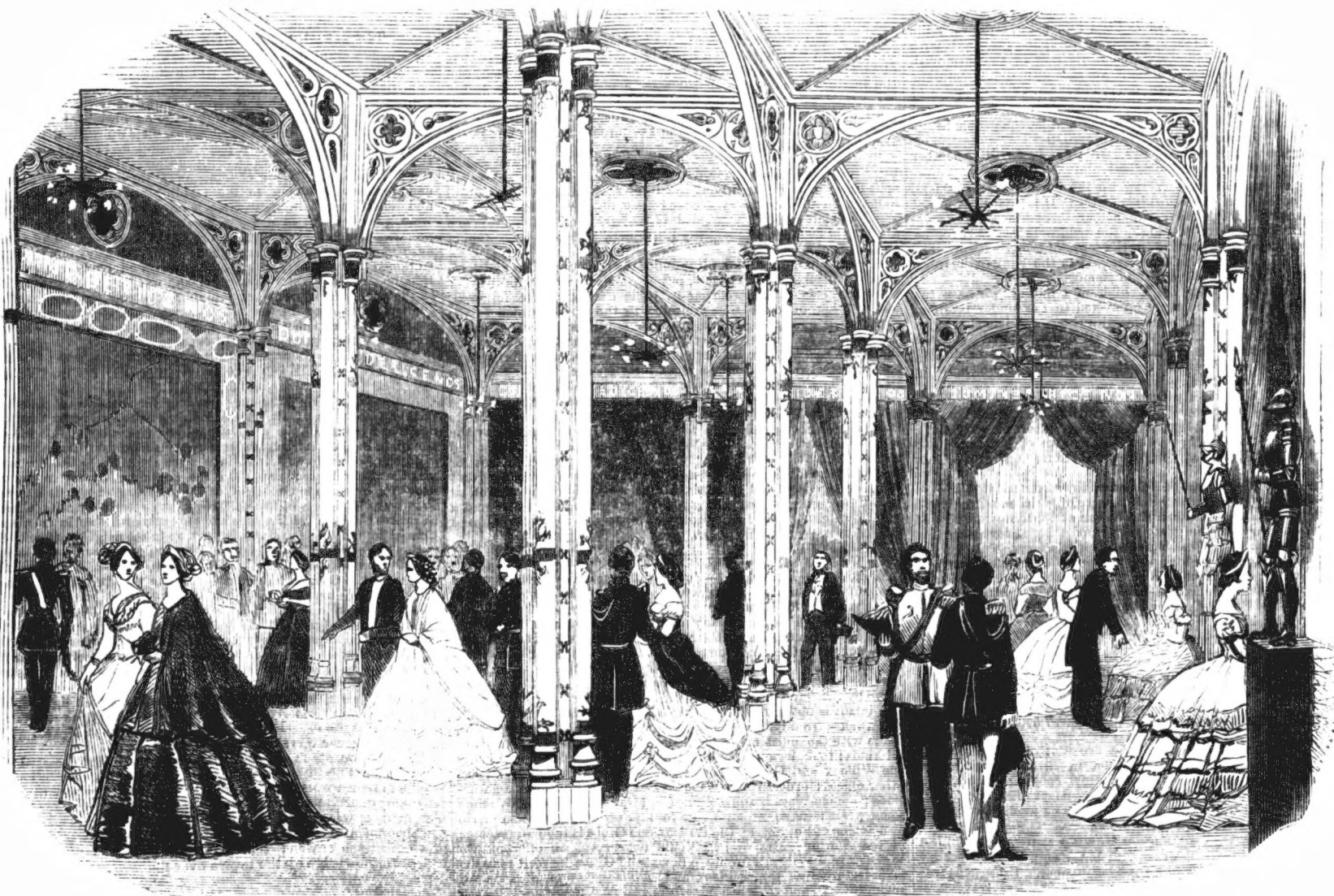
Richard Kynes, potman, said that the yard was well lighted, but the cellar, which formerly was a kitchen, was dark, as it was not in use at that time. The door was generally kept locked. The depth of the cellar was seven or eight feet.

Wm. Weedon, steward to Miss B. Coutts, said that deceased was directed to put up in the neighbourhood, lest Miss Coutts should require to return from the ball early. Witness knew the deceased for twenty-four years, and he was never once the worse for liquor. The carriage was put up at Dyer's when Miss Coutts was in the neighbourhood during the last twenty years, but it was only once or twice in the season; therefore deceased would have only an imperfect knowledge of the tavern over the way where he met his death.

The Coroner having remarked on the sad nature of the occurrence, the jury returned a verdict of "Accident."



THE BANQUET IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER. (See page 2.)



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPORARY BUILDINGS, GUILDHALL. (See page 2.)



PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. (See page 2.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The production of Gounod's celebrated opera of "Faust" is undeniably the greatest success. On each representation the house has been crowded to excess by audiences who have given a most unmistakable verdict in its favour. M. Gounod's thoughtful music must gain at every hearing, so manifold are the varying shades of feeling and fancy expressed by the striking originality of the composer's harmonies, and by his marvellous power of orchestral colouring. Of all engaged in the performance, Signor Arditi deserves, perhaps, the most praise for the extraordinary efficiency of his orchestra. The performers are not individually such masters of their respective instruments as those who compose the Covent Garden band; but they play with a remarkable contemporaneousness the time is never hurried by the conductor, and the accompaniments are subdued with a skill that cannot be too highly praised. Mdlle. Titiens is physically ill-adapted for the character of Gretchen; but she exhibits singular delicacy in moderating the power of her noble voice. The charmingly simple and melodious passage on the words—

"No, signor, io non son damigella ne bella,
E bisogno non ho del braccio d'un signor,"

was given with remarkable grace. In the no less lovely passage in which Gretchen refers to his mother's death, she is equally successful; while the "Konig in Thule" song is warbled with just the unheeding nonchalance required by the dramatic situation. We cannot, indeed, praise too much Mdlle. Titiens' singing in the passionate final scenes of the opera, especially in the concluding trio where Gretchen thrice repeats her fervent supplication, each time in a higher key. Signor Giuglini is nightly encored in the loveliest song in the work, "Salve, dimora," which he sings with exquisite feeling and expression, and the violin obligato to which is admirably played by Mr. Collins. Mdlle. Trebelli sings Siebel's pretty romance, "Parlato d'amor," better than on the first representation, the time being slower. Mr. Santley declaims all the wonderfully impressive strains which the dying Valentin addresses to his repentant sister with splendid force. On Monday was given the first of the performances of Italian tragedy, viz., "Medea," with Madame Ristori, whose portrait we have engraved on page 12, as the heroine.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Obin has made a most favourable debut in the character of Bertram, in "Robert le Diable." All frequenters of the Paris Academie de Musique will remember that M. Obin possesses a rich and powerful bass voice, that he is an accomplished vocalist, and that his dramatic power enables him to shine with conspicuous lustre in the grand operas of the French school. Mdlle. Florenti, who was announced to sustain the character of Isabella, is whispered to have disappeared as suddenly, though not under the same circumstances, as did Mdlle. Yradiere some weeks ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, and in her absence Mdlle. Battu reassumed the character. All the other characters were sustained by the former representatives, and the splendid *mise-en-scene*, especially the ruined convent of St. Rosalie, with its seductive dance of nuns, excited the admiration of a crowded and brilliant house. The arrangements for the week have included "La Lazzarada," "Don Giovanni," "Il Trovatore," and "Le Prophete."

HAYMARKET.—That Charles II, when a fugitive from Worcester, ever took refuge in a barber's shop at Islington, will furnish one more contribution to "things not generally known." The authority for adding this to the many places of concealment popularly supposed to have been made available by the representative of a dynasty in difficulties will be found in a new farce, which now follows the comedy of "Finesse," under the title of "Easy Shaving." Messrs. F. C. Burnand and Montague Williams have adapted English history as well as an old French vaudeville to their purpose, transferring the scene to our northern suburb, and ascribing the action to the period of the Restoration, when that now thickly-populated district was a mere country village. The occupant of the barber's shop is Ninette (Miss Louise Keeley), who, inheriting her father's business, has retained the custom by using the razor with hereditary skill. A cavalier who has one morning stepped in to be shaved, as an excuse for asking permission to secrete himself in a cupboard, has turned out to be King Charles, and as a reward for the timely service rendered has presented her with a ring on his ascent to the throne. This talisman Ninette makes use of, not for her own advantage, but for that of a cornet in the King's Dragoons, who has outstayed his leave of absence, and who is in danger of being cashiered in consequence. By the pardon thus acquired she obtains a husband in the young cornet, who has been previously cured by her of a foolish passion for an old schoolfellow of hers, who, though she has given him a little encouragement in her younger days, has since married a grave Puritan, who has been a magistrate under the Commonwealth. The humour of the situations is chiefly of a pantomimical kind, consisting of all the varieties of drollery that may arise from ludicrous positions during shaving, and the effect of the cornet being reformed by the dexterous removal by Ninette of his love-locks and moustache on one side of the face only, so that he excites laughter instead of admiration when he tries to regala the affections of the married lady. Miss Louise Keeley plays with much smartness the female barber, and is nightly encored in a new ballet, composed for her by Mr. W. H. Montgomery. Mr. Compton makes the most of a comic cutler, who reveals the force of his passion by submitting to perpetual shaving. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Walter Gordon represent the portly Puritan and the corrected Cavalier; whilst Miss Fanny Wright, as Adela, avails herself of the slightest pretext for donning doublet and trunks, without obtaining any other advantage by the disguise than the revelation of a symmetrical figure. The audience laugh frequently through the performance, and as a previous version of the same original produced at the Lyceum some seven years since met with a less favourable reception, it may be recorded that the present adaptation is a comparative success.

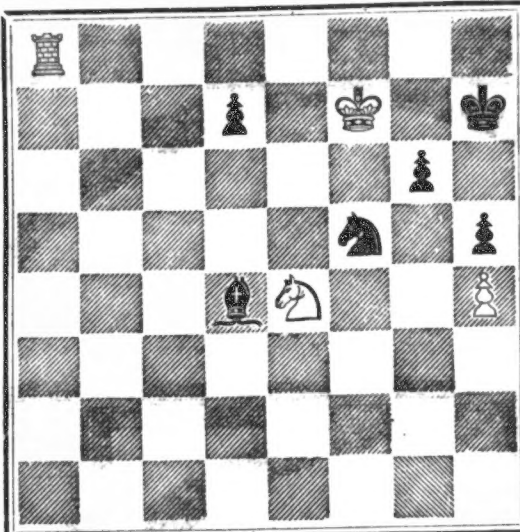
SURREY.—Mr. Henry Lorraine, the new lessee of this house, continues his impersonations in "Peep o' Day" and "The Three Musketeers," with considerable advantage to the treasury, to judge by his crowded and well-pleased audiences.

VICTORIA.—The energetic lessees of this popular minor house, Messrs. Frampton and Fenton, produced on Monday, by permission of Mr. Bonicault, his Adelphi drama of the "Octoroon." Depicting as it does life in the Southern States of America, on which portion of the world, owing to the present unhappy struggle raging there, all England looks with interest, we opine the lessees have done wisely in their venture, which, by the way, is mounted and acted in a manner deserving of the highest praise.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO HALIFAX.—At a meeting in committee of the Halifax town council, his worship the mayor, John Crossley, Esq., stated that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been pleased to signify his intention of being present at the opening of the Halifax new Town Hall. It was further stated that on the occasion of the visit the Prince would be accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The council in committee then proceeded to make arrangements for the royal visit. The Prince and Princess will, we believe, be the guests of his worship the mayor, at Manor-heath, near Halifax. The precise day of the visit is not yet fixed, but it will be in the last week in July of the present year. The new Town Hall, which his royal highness will open, has been built from designs by the late Sir Charles Barry, and is, we understand, Sir Charles Barry's last public undertaking. The total cost of the building will be from £40,000 to £50,000.

Chess.

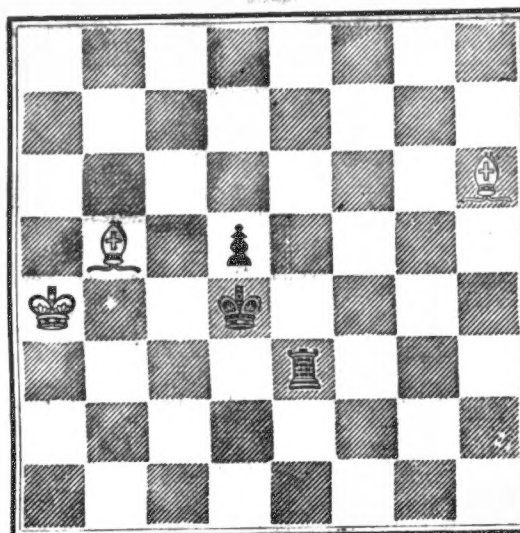
PROBLEM No. 117.—By M. PETROW.
Black.



White

White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 118.—By WILLIAM HENCHLIFFE.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Kempe and Flower.
[Forwarded by Mr. Ranger.]

(LOPEZ GAMBIT)

White.

Mr. Kempe.

1. P to K 4
2. B to Q B 4
3. Q to K 2
4. P to K B 4
5. Kt to K B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. Castles
8. P to K 5
9. K to B sq
10. Q B takes P
11. Q takes P
12. P takes P
13. Kt to Q B 3 (a)
14. B takes Q P
15. Q takes K B P (ch)
16. Kt to Q Kt 5
17. Q to Q 5 (ch)
18. B to K B 7
19. Q to K B 3
20. Q to K Kt 3
21. K to K Kt 7
22. B to Q sq
23. Q takes Kt (ch)
24. B takes B (ch)
25. Q to Q 6 (ch)
26. Q mates

Black.

Mr. Flower.

1. P to K 4
2. B to Q B 4
3. P to Q 3
4. P takes P
5. P to K Kt
6. B to Kt 3
7. P to K B 3
8. Q to K 2
9. P to K Kt
10. P takes Kt
11. B takes P
12. P takes P
13. Kt to Q B 3
14. Q takes B
15. K to Q sq
16. Q to K 2
17. B to Q 2
18. Kt to K B 3 (b)
19. Q to K 5
20. B to K 4
21. R to K sq (c)
22. B to Q 3 (d)
23. B to K 2
24. K takes R (e)
25. K to B sq

- (a) Preparing another sacrifice for an attack.
(b) The best move, doubtless.
(c) Q to K B 2 would go far to nullify the attack.
(d) Black evidently imagined that by the sacrifice of a piece he could get out of his difficulties.
(e) K to B sq would somewhat prolong the contest, but the ultimate result is the same, &c.

24. R to Q B 7 (ch)
25. K R takes B
26. R takes Q Kt P (ch)
27. Kt to Q 6 (ch), and wins

25. Q to Q 6 (ch)
26. R mates
27. R to B 8 (ch)
28. Kt to Q 6 (ch), and wins

- (a) 25. K to Q sq
26. B takes Q
- (b) 26. R takes R
27. K takes R

THE GAME OF CHESS.

"Oh, it's a dangerous game, by the way, that game of chess, with its gallant young Knights, clever fellows, up to all sorts of deep moves, who are perpetually laying siege to Queens, keeping them in check, threatening them with the Bishop, and, with his

assistance, mating at last. And much too nearly does it resemble the game of life, to be played safely with a pair of bright eyes talking to you from the other side of the board, and two coral lips, mute, indeed, but in their very silence discoursing such 'sweet music' to your heart, that the silly thing, dancing with delight, seems as if it meant to leap out of your breast; and it is not mere seeming either, for hearts have been altogether lost in this way before now. Oh, it's a dangerous game, that game of chess."—*Old Fellows' Journal*.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

GOODWOOD STAKES.—100 to 7 agst Mr. Mills's Knutsford (t).
ST. LEGER.—850 to 200 agst Mr. Savile's Ranger (t); 7 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden (off); 9 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Queen Bertha (t); 7 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's lot.

DERBY.—10 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. T'Anson's Blair Athol (t); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Hill's Ackworth (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Owen's The Doctor (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Birch Broom (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Osborne's Prince Arthur (t).

GOODWOOD STAKES.—Watchman was struck out immediately upon the publication of the weights.

RIFLE CHALLENGE FROM AUSTRALIA.

A copy of the following has been forwarded to the council of the National Rifle Association from the War Department:—

"To the Captain Commanding the Company of Volunteers in England having made the highest proportion of marksmen at the classification of the year 1862.

"Sir,—I have the honour to propose a friendly match between our respective companies, on the following conditions, viz.: Ten men a side; rifle, the Long Enfield; distances, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, and 900 yards, seven rounds per man at each distance; position, at 200 yards standing, other distances any position; system of scoring, that adopted at last meeting at Wimbledon; neither company to fire on its own or customary practice-ground, and no practice to be allowed on the day of the match; the match to take place in the next September—the day of the match to be named by each party not less than seven days previous, in order that umpires may have sufficient time to make their arrangements for being present; no person to be allowed to fire who has not classified with the company he represents at the classification of 1862. The above challenge is offered simply on the ground of the challengers having taken the highest position as marksmen in this province, a certificate of which fact from the colonel commandant of the volunteers in this province will be handed you along with this challenge. A reply by return mail will oblige.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

(Signed) "JAMES RANKINE,
"Captain Milang Rifles, South Australia."

MILANG RIFLES.

"Target Practice Classification, 1862.

"V. M. F. Office, Adelaide, March 25, 1863.

- "Number of Third-class Men—None.
"Number of Second-class Men—None.
"Number of First-class Men—30.
"Total number of Men classified—30.
"Number of Marksmen—22.

(Signed) "T. H. BEGGS."

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE CAPTURE OF PUEBLA.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following letter addressed by the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey:—

"Palace of Fontainebleau, June 12, 1863.

"General,—The news of the capture of Puebla reached me yesterday, via New York. This event has given us the greatest satisfaction. I am well aware what care and energy were required both by the commanders and men to achieve this important result. In my name, express to the army my full satisfaction. Tell the men how much I appreciate their perseverance and courage in so distant an expedition, where they had to struggle against climate, local difficulties, and against an enemy the more obstinate because he was deceived in my intentions. I deeply deplore the probable loss of so many brave men, but I have the consoling idea that their death has not been useless either to the interests or to the honour of France, or to civilization. Our object, as you are aware is not to impose upon the Mexicans a Government contrary to their wish, or to make our success a triumph for any party whatsoever. I wish Mexico to be regenerated to a new life, and that soon, reformed by a Government based upon the national will, on principles of order and progress, it may admit that it owes to France its peace and its prosperity.

"I await the official reports to give to the army and to its commander the rewards which they deserve; but, my dear general, I beg of you at once to accept my sincere congratulations.

"NAPOLEON."

The Marshal Minister of War has received the following despatch from General Forey:—

"Puebla, May 18, 1863.

"M. le Marechal,—Puebla is in our hands!
"The combat of San Lorenzo having dispersed the *corps d'armee* of Comonfort, which sought to force our line of investment and to throw supplies into Puebla, where the garrison was already suffering from hunger, although it had taken possession of everything available; on the other hand, a trench having been opened before the Fort of Teotihuacan, and our batteries of thirty guns, of various calibre having opened their fire on the 16th against that fort, and in two hours completely destroyed its works, two vigorous attacks were made upon the place. General Ortega, at this juncture, made an offer of capitulation. But he had the presumption to ask to leave with all the honours of war, with arms, baggage, and artillery, to withdraw to Mexico. I declined all these strange proposals, telling him he might leave with all the honours of war, but that his army must march past the French army, lay down their arms, and remain prisoners of war, promising to him all those concessions which are customary among civilized people when a garrison has bravely performed its duty. These proposals were not accepted by General Ortega, who in the night between the 16th and 17th, disbanded his army, destroyed the weapons, spiked his guns, blew up the powder magazines, and sent me an envoy to say that the garrison had completed its defence and surrendered at discretion. It was scarcely daylight when 12,000 men, most of them without arms or uniforms, which they had cast away in the streets, surrendered as prisoners, and the officers, numbering from 1,000 to 1,200, of whom twenty-six were generals and 200 superior officers, informed me that they awaited my orders at the Palace of the Government. All the materiel of the place is in our hands, and has not been so much damaged as was supposed. I hasten to forward this despatch to your excellency, with instructions to Vera Cruz to send a fast steamer to the Havannah, so that the news should reach Europe, via New York, before the English steamer which would leave Vera Cruz on the 1st of June, and will bring you a detailed account of our situation. The army is in high spirits, and will advance in a few days on Mexico.

"I am, with respect, &c.,
"GENERAL FOREY."

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
BOW-STREET.

CURIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A SOLICITOR.—Mr. Thomas Johnson, solicitor, of Grecian Chambers, Devereux-court, Strand, appeared to a summons charging him with having sold about sixty gallons of gin without having a spirit license, and with having delivered the same without a legal permit. Mr. Welsby, counsel to the Board of Inland Revenue, conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Daly, barrister, attended for the defendant. Charles Petter said: I am a spirit dealer, of 35, Drury-lane. I remember the defendant, Mr. Johnson, calling on me early in November last. He asked me if a Mr. Kelly had spoken to me about some gin? and I told him, "Yes," and I would think about it. A day or two afterwards, he called again, with a man named Nall, and two samples of gin were given to me. We arranged a price, and it was then agreed that I should send for the gin to Mr. Johnson's chambers. I did so, and the gin was brought to my premises. No permit was brought with it, but the certificate produced (given by the distiller) was shown me. Mr. Johnson called the same night for the money, but as the gin had not been measured, I gave him £10 on account. The gin was measured in the presence of Nall a day or two afterwards, and there were twenty-three gallons of unsweetened gin and thirty-three and a quarter gallons of the sweetened gin. I paid the balance to the defendant on the following Thursday, making £24 3s. 3d. altogether. I understood Mr. Johnson to say that he had received the gin from a client (Kelly), to whom he had advanced some money as a loan, which had not been repaid. George Prior, clerk to Mr. Hodges, the distiller, of Lambeth, proved that he delivered the two casks of gin at the defendant's chambers on the 4th of November last. They were directed to Mr. Johnson. Mr. Scott, the supervisor of the district, said that no license had ever been granted to prove that he was present when some of the conversation took place between Kelly and Johnson respecting the gin, and he heard defendant say he would not have the casks any longer at his office. He knew that Kelly had ordered the gin, and about Christmas time he had six barrels more, and offered them to witness for 7s. per gallon; but he declined to have anything to do with it. Similar evidence was given by G. Rice, a former clerk to the defendant, who said that Kelly was in difficulties at the time, and Mr. Johnson had acted for him. He did not think the gin was ever paid for. Mr. Henry said the case was perfectly clear. There could be no doubt that Johnson had sold the gin to Petter; and therefore, he must be convicted on the first count, and ordered to pay the penalty of £100. Notice of appeal was given on behalf of the defendant.

WESTMINSTER.

ROBBING AND ASSAULT.—Charles Smith, a respectable-looking young man, was charged with an unprovoked assault upon Elizabeth Dunning, a pretty-looking girl of about eighteen, whose mouth was cut, and her lips much swollen. Complainant said that she was passing through Polton-square, Chelsea, the previous night, accompanied by her sister and a young man, when as they reached a lamp-post where defendant was standing, he laid hold of complainant by the arm, and invited her to go with him. On being repulsed for such conduct he gave complainant a blow, the effects of which she now exhibited. She produced a handkerchief soaked with blood. The young man who accompanied the complainant said that she and her sister were on either arm of his when defendant caught hold of the complainant as described, and after being asked what he meant by such conduct, said he would give her a smack on the mouth, and did so, and then also struck him. A policeman said that he heard the call of "Police!" and on going to the spot found the complainant bleeding very profusely from the face, upon which he took the defendant into custody, when he complained that he had been ill-treated by the young man in company with the complainant and her companion. Defendant now repeated this, and said that he had never been in such a position as the present before. He had been savagely beaten by the man's companions. There was a policeman present, who could prove that he (defendant) was respectable. The policeman in question said that he had known him for six years, and that he was a respectable hard-working man. Defendant said that the case had been misrepresented, and he never struck a blow till himself attacked. Mr. Selfe said that the assault upon the young woman was severe, and would spoil her good looks for some time. He might give her £1 as compensation. If he did not he would be fined £2. He gave her the money.

HOW TO ACCELERATE PACE.—A LUCKY ESCAPE.—Thomas Thetford, a boy about 14 years of age, was placed at the bar before Mr. Selfe, charged with attempting to rob a cart. Frederick Koch, 312 B, said that at a quarter past nine the previous night he saw a man coming from Euston-bridge to Euston-square, prisoner following it by hanging on behind. He followed the prisoner into Belgrave-square, during which he was holding on to the van by his left hand and "operating" with his right, and he shifted from one side of the van to the other. Mr. Selfe inquired of witness how prisoner "operated." Witness replied that he always kept close to the cart by holding with his left hand, and appeared to be attempting to remove the tarpaulin which covered it with his right. As he saw he could not complete his purpose he left the cart, and put his hand into his pocket, and witness suddenly seizing it, a clasp-knife dropped from it open. Prisoner: It's all false, your worship, what he has been saying about me I was in Euston-square, and as I wanted to go very quick, I got behind this cart, and then the policeman takes my knife out of my pocket for nothing. Mr. Selfe: Is anything known of him? Policeman: Yes, he has been in custody before. Prisoner: That was a mistake, your worship. Mr. Selfe: Was he committed? Policeman: He had seven days. His mother told me so this morning, when I went to let her know where he was. Prisoner: Well, I was in trouble before, but it was all a mistake. I runs to see another boy taken to the station, and when we gets to the door I gets shoved in, too, and gets locked up, but I did not know nothing at all what for. Mr. Selfe did not think there was sufficient evidence of a felonious intent to warrant him committing the prisoner, and discharged him, but cautioned him not to run behind carts.

THE MYSTERIES OF BREAD-MAKING.—Thomas Crawford, a journeyman baker, was charged with wilfully demolishing a pane of plate glass, value £10 or £15. A company, established under the patent of Mr. Stevens to manufacture bread by steam, having taken a house at No. 1, Grove-terrace, Brompton, have during the last few days exhibited in the window a picture, and observations attached to it which were intended to show the nastiness of the common mode by which bakers make bread, with a view of illustrating the advantages of the steam system. This picture having caused a great many disturbances the superintendent of police of the district requested Mr. Oliver Payne, the manager of the establishment, to take it out of the window, which he did for a day or two, but it was replaced, and the consequence was that the journeyman bakers becoming very indignant, the defendant, as their champion, threw a stone through the window while drunk on Saturday night. The fact was not denied, but it was alleged that the disgusting and offensive picture had excited him to do it. On the other hand, a barrister who attended for the Steam Bread Manufacturing Company declared that there was nothing disgusting nor exaggerated in the picture, which illustrated correctly the evidence given before the House of Commons upon the subject of the common mode of making bread. Mr. Selfe thought the picture was most objectionable, and expressed his opinion that there was a great deal of difference between evidence discreetly given before the House of Commons and a caricature upon the subject, however true it might be, exhibited to the public in general. As the defendant had been drunk and committed a breach of the peace, he should fine him, but in consequence of the circumstances he should only give nominal compensation. The defendant was then fined 10s., and ordered to pay 1s. compensation. The amount was paid.

CLERKENWELL.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY A POOR NEEDLEWOMAN.—Margaret Pearson, aged 55, a needlewoman, residing at 9, Canonbury-street, Islington, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by taking a quantity of laudanum, at 6, Polton-street, Lower-road, Islington. From the evidence, it appeared that the defendant called on a friend, and seemed to be in a very excited state. After she had been there a short time she took a quantity of laudanum, and exclaimed that she was dying. She was taken to a surgeon's, and she then stated that she had been tempted to do it. She was conveyed to the workhouse, and since she had been there it had been found necessary to put on her a straight waistcoat. She had now two very severe bruises on her face, the results of her knocking her head against the wall. The defendant, in reply to the charge, said that she had been very ill, and some ladies sent her to Walton-on-the-Thames. She was very happy there, but for some unaccountable reason she left there, and as she could not get back again, she had done what she had. Mr. Barker said it was a sad case, and directed that she should be again taken to the workhouse.

ANOTHER RYE HOUSE PLOT.—A young man applied to the sitting magistrate for advice under the following circumstances:—The applicant stated that he had loved and been deceived, and as he could not get back his property by fair means, he was determined to see what the strong arm of the law would do. He had fallen in love with a lady through her hair. Her hair was a light golden tinted brown, with long undulating waves in it, and, in addition, she had beautiful blue eyes, with wonderful lashes. He had proposed, and been accepted, and had made her a present of his

carte de visite, and of a wedding ring. He was just on the point of being married, when he took his intended to the Rye House. He left her seated in the beautiful rooms, and on his return he found a young man seated by her side, who treated him very cavalierly, and a mocking, defiant light burnt in his eyes, as he told him to be off. He was sure that it was another plot to ruin his happiness, but if he had lost his lover he was determined not to lose his property. He seemed to be made a perfect victim of, for this was not the first time by one or two that he had been served in this way, but he was determined that it should be the last and if it cost him more than the articles were worth he would have them back. He only laughed when he applied to her for them. The magistrate said he had given the young lady the articles he should think she was entitled to them, but if the applicant had any remedy it was not here but at the county court. The applicant said he should at once go to the county court, and left amidst the laughter of all present.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT THROUGH FURIOUS DRIVING.—Thomas Ratcliff, a carman, residing at 2, Bloomsbury-court, Bloomsbury, was charged before Mr. Barker with being drunk, and furiously driving a horse and cart, and seriously injuring George Farmer, a cab-driver in the York-road, St. Pancras. The complainant was not in attendance, and police-sergeant Edwards, 21 B, handed in the following certificate:—"June 14, 1863.—This is to certify that George Farmer, of Ebury House, Robert's-buildings, Piccadilly, is confined to his bed with sundry contusions and a lacerated knee, said to have occurred from having been run over by a cart—WILLIAM GRIVITH, one of the surgeons to St. George's parish, Hanover-square." From the evidence, it appeared that about half-past four on Saturday afternoon, the defendant, who was the worse for liquor, was driving a horse and cart on his wrong side, at the rate of about twelve miles per hour, along the York-road. He was urging on the horse, which was apparently doing its best to get along. The unfortunate man was crossing over the road to go to his cab, but before he could get out of the way the defendant drove over him. He was picked up, and taken to the Royal Free Hospital by Police-constable Cox, 89 N, where he was seen by Mr. Hill, the house surgeon, who considered the injuries of such a severe nature that he wished the unfortunate man to go into the hospital, but this he declined, and said he would rather go home, whatever might be the consequences. The defendant said it was an accident, and as for being drunk that was all a mistake. Mr. Barker said it was a case that he could not decide, and remanded the prisoner until Monday next, but consented to take bail in two sureties in the sum of £10 each. The prisoner was locked up in default.

DESPERATE STREET ASSAULT.—Two dirty looking fellows, who gave the names of Robert Moore and Charles Ricketts, were charged with assaulting Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Geddes, clerks at the goods station, Kings-croft. The prisoners, who were the worse for liquor, were going along the Kings-croft, on Saturday afternoon, when seeing the complainant on the opposite side, they crossed over to them, and without any provocation assaulted them in a very desperate manner. Mr. Barker considered it a very bad assault, and sentenced the prisoners to pay a fine of £3, or in default to be imprisoned in the House of Correction, with hard labour, for six weeks. The prisoners were locked up in default.

MARBOROUGH STREET.

A LAMENTABLE STORY.—Charles George Fryett, a shoemaker, was charged before Mr. Knox with being drunk and riotous and violently ringing the bells and knocking at the door of No. 10, Carnaby-street, without a lawful excuse. Woodley, 189 Q, deposed to seeing the prisoner acting in a noisy manner outside No. 10, Carnaby-street, and as he refused to go away he took him into custody. Mr. Edwards, who occupies the lower part of the house No. 10, Carnaby-street, said that about one that morning he was aroused by violent knocking and ringing of bells, and at first thought the house was in flames. The prisoner demanded to see a female, who, he said, was his wife, and as soon as he saw her he assailed her with the most filthy language, and to escape from him she ran out of the house, but afterwards came back, the prisoner at that time being seated on the stairs. Prisoner: She has been living with a man who has cut her throat. The witness said that was not the case. The female came to the house as a single woman, and the man (whose name is Slesbeer) was a friend of the prisoner, but in consequence of what the prisoner had reported about him, it had so affected his mind, that he cut his throat. Mr. Knox: Is he dead? The witness said that he was not, but that he was lying in the Middlesex Hospital without any hopes of surviving. Mr. Knox: I feel a difficulty in the case, as it cannot be said that where a man's wife and child are he has no lawful excuse for knocking and inquiring at the house. It is a lamentable story altogether. I shall order the prisoner to find one bail in the sum of £5 to be of good behaviour for six months.

GAZES ORIENTAL TO A WIFE.—Mr. James Wild, of the coffee and news rooms, Leicester-square, appeared to answer a summons for assaulting his wife. Mr. Louis Lewis, of Ely-place, appeared for Mrs. Wild, and in opening the case said he should not go into details, but content himself with stating that his client had several times been assaulted by her husband, who for a long time had pursued a course of brutality towards her, and on two or three occasions had been summoned to this court to answer for his violent conduct. Mrs. Wild, whose countenance was much disfigured by a bad black eye given her by her husband, said that on Tuesday night week her husband came home and behaved to her in a very gross manner in the coffee-room. She resented it and walked up-stairs, when he followed her and struck a severe blow in the face, and then threw her on the bed, twisted her hair, and knelt on her. She got up, and he then seized her by the hair of the head, and threw her violently on the ground, and again knelt on her and beat her, covering her with bruises. Mrs. Wild added that her husband, who had been drinking, used the most disgusting language to her and her children, and that he had ill-treated her for a long time past. A gentleman lodger in the house said that, hearing screams, he went to Mr. Wild's bed-room, and saw Mrs. Wild lying on the floor. On complainant getting up her husband flew at her, and seized her by the throat. Witness then pulled defendant away, but he afterwards struck his wife in the eye with his fist, and on the forehead with a brass candlestick, and he fully believed that, but for his later interference, the affair would have ended in a very serious manner. The defendant, when called upon for his answer to the charge, set up a defence which drew from the magistrate a severe rebuke, and Mr. Knox, after commenting in strong terms on the defendant's cowardly conduct, committed him for two months with hard labour.

ROBBING A SYRIAN MERCHANT.—Jacob Steen Necker, 22, York-road, described as a merchant, and William Johnson, 30, Caledonian-road, home dealer, were charged, with others not in custody, with stealing 120 sovereigns and Napoleons, the property of Antoine Kyriakote, a Syrian merchant, lodging at the Flying Horse Tavern, Lambeth-street, White-chapel. It appeared that the prosecutor and his father were walking through Trafalgar-square about one o'clock, when they were accosted by Steen Necker, who asked them if they could speak Italian. They got into conversation, and Steen Necker invited them to have some refreshment. They went into a public-house, but Steen Necker said there were too many persons present, and took them to another house and called for some brandy. The prisoner Johnson and another man were in the room. The prisoner Steen Necker spoke to them in English, and then told prosecutor that one of the persons had come from America; that he had lost £50 by a bet that a coin would not stick on the floor, and that he expected £50,000 from his father. They went to another house, and Steen Necker began to beat about the coins sticking to the floor. The prosecutor lent money to Steen Necker, which was placed in a handkerchief. This was no sooner done than Steen Necker said he had lost, and handed the handkerchief and all the money (about £120) to the witness, who went off immediately. The prosecutor insisted on having his money back, and gave the prisoners into custody. Mr. Albert interpreted. Mr. Edward Lewis was for the prisoners. The prisoners were remanded.

MARYLEBONE.

COMMITTAL OF SMASHERS.—Two dissipated-looking characters, who evidently did not get their living by hard work, named John Cook and Ann Phillips, were brought up on remand, charged with "ringing the changes," under the following artful circumstances:—The solicitor to the Mint attended to prosecute. Charles Ratcliff, son-in-law to Mr. Dickson, the proprietor of the Swan Tavern, Bayswater, and who assists in the business, said: On Saturday afternoon last the prisoners came to the bar and were served with half a quart of gin, and gave in payment half a crown, for which the male prisoner received change. I was about leaving them to go to another part of the bar when Cooke asked me for two sixpences for a shilling. I gave him the sixpences, and he placed on the bar a shilling, which on my looking at I found to be bad. I bent it. I told the male prisoner it was a counterfeit, when he said, "Oh, is it?" and was, in company with the woman, making off, when the barmaid recognised them as having given her a bad shilling on the previous day in the same manner. Upon this I ran after and overtook them both. I gave them in charge. I have seen them in the house before attempting to pass bad money, but they have always been detected. Emily Beasley, the barmaid, said the two prisoners came in on the Friday morning, and were served with half a quart of gin, and paid for it with a two-shilling piece, and received the change. After doing so Cooke asked for two sixpences for a shilling, with which she supplied him, and they went off, but she immediately found the shilling was bad. Mr. Mansfield committed them both for trial.

THAMES.

HIGHWAYWORKS.—Ellen Robinson, aged 30, described as having no home or occupation, was charged on remand with assaulting and robbing

Mr. Robert Smith, the master of the brig Ann, lying at Storehouse-wharf, Ratcliff. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutor that about one o'clock in the morning, he was passing along Broad-street, Ratcliff, on his way to his ship, when he was accosted by the prisoner and another woman, who asked him to treat them. He told them to leave him alone. The prisoner's companion then struck him a violent blow on the side of the head and knocked him down. Both women then fell upon him. His watch was taken from him, and he called for the police. He seized both, but one slipped her shawl and ran away. He was dragging the prisoner along, when she observed a police constable approaching, and put the watch into Captain Smith's pocket. The watch had been detached from the guard, and the shawl was broken. Henry Haines, 254 K, said he heard the prosecutor calling out "Police!" and when he came to the spot the prisoner was putting the watch to the prosecutor's pocket. The woman who left her shawl and bonnet behind her was well known to the police and had absconded. Mr. Woolrych committed the prisoner for trial.

A REEFMAN AND THIEF.—John Tighe, alias Toy, an Irish labourer, aged 30, was brought up on remand before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing 3lb. of bacon from the shop of Mr. William Hunt, No. 151, High-street, Poplar, and savagely assaulting George Palmer, the prosecutor's assistant. A few evenings since Mr. Palmer saw the prisoner take a piece of bacon from his master's window-board and endeavour to conceal it under his coat, and falling in that put his hands behind him. Mr. Palmer seized him, and asked him what he had behind him, to which he made no answer. A violent struggle then took place, in the course of which the prisoner backed himself against the window of Mr. Edward E. Moffin, a printer, and not only destroyed several panes of glass but damaged and broke several things inside the window. The prisoner continued the struggle with Mr. Palmer, repeatedly struck him, and tore his shirt and neckerchief. Several persons then went to the assistance of Mr. Palmer, and the prisoner threw himself on the ground and kicked at them. A constable, named Pickering, 230 K, also came to the aid of Mr. Palmer, on which the prisoner took a large clasp-knife from his pocket, opened it, and made several plunges at every one within his reach. Fortunately, he did not stab any one, but he inflicted serious injuries on Pickering, on another policeman who was thrown, and also upon Mr. Palmer. The prisoner was ultimately secured, with the bacon in his possession. Pickering said the prisoner was convicted eleven years ago for stealing lead and copper, and sentenced to six years' penal servitude, and since his return to his old quarters he had been summarily convicted of larceny, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labour. The prisoner had been in custody on other occasions for robbery and assaults. The prisoner, in defence, admitted that he had been transported, but since the expiration of his sentence he had been working hard in Mr. Green's ship-building yard, and other places. He was very fond of a drop of drink, and unfortunately when he was tipsy he did not know what he was about. He had been terribly knocked about by eight or nine of his countrymen until he was "smothered in blood." That weakened his head, and when he had the "drop taken" he was mad, and did not know what he was about. Mr. Woolrych said he could not do otherwise than send this case for trial. The prisoner had been sentenced to six years' penal servitude, and on the 16th of December, 1861, was summarily convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labour for stealing some copper. He was afraid the prisoner was an incorrigible thief, who had not taken warning by his previous convictions. He should commit the prisoner for trial on two charges, for stealing the bacon, and also for assaulting Mr. Palmer.

SOUTHWARK.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF AN OLD TRADESMAN.—William Gillingham, an elderly man formerly carrying on a good business at Lambeth, was brought up before Mr. Combe for final examination, charged with attempting to poison himself. It appeared from the evidence of a constable of the L division, that on Sunday night, the 7th instant, he was called into a house in the Waterloo-road, where he saw the prisoner in an insensible state. He took him to a surgeon, when the stomach pump was used, and he was eventually restored to his senses. Mr. Combe asked how he attempted his life. The constable repeated that he had swallowed a quantity of poison. The prisoner said he regretted very much what had occurred, but he promised never to be guilty of such an act again. He was very low spirited at the time, owing to losses in business. Mr. Combe inquired whether any friends of the prisoner were in court. The constable replied in the affirmative, and they were willing to take him home, and look after him in a more careful manner. Mr. Combe, after suitably admonishing him, ordered him to be given up to his friends. He was then discharged.

LAMBETH.

MODERN SERVANT-GIRL.—Margaret Clancy, a cook in the service of Mr. Benjamin Ingledew, proprietor of the Kentish Drovers' Tavern, Peckham, was charged with being drunk, and creating a considerable disturbance at the house of her master. Mr. Ingledew said that, on the preceding evening, on his return home, he found a considerable concourse of persons assembled in front of his house, caused by the prisoner, in one of the upstairs rooms, screaming out "Murder!" at the top of her voice. On going to where she was he found her quite drunk and apparently mad, screaming with her nails everything she could lay her hands on. He endeavoured by every means to stop her from screaming murder, but it was all to no purpose, and he was at length obliged to send for a constable, and have her removed to the station-house. Mr. Norton: How long was the prisoner been in your service? Witness: Only three weeks, and she was under notice to leave. Mr. Norton: What sort of character did you get with her? Witness: I got a written character with her, but I strongly suspect it was a false one, for a more desperate person than she is it is impossible to conceive. It appears that on the evening before, during my absence, she had been visited by some of her country cousins, and got drunk with them. Prisoner: No such thing. I had a bad pain in my face and asked the barman for twopenny worth of brandy, and that was every drop I took. Mr. Norton: What were you crying murder for? Prisoner: I thought master would kill me, for he threatened me last week. Mr. Ingledew, who smiled at the idea of killing such a person, said that some days ago his attention was called to a tin can in which the prisoner kept her kitchen stuff, and he there found nearly two pounds of fresh butter and the best end of a meat's tongue. On the discovery he spoke sharp to her and gave her notice to quit, and since then she became a perfect nuisance in the house. On the day before she wound up the jack when there was a large piece of beef attached to it so as to put it out of order, and the consequence was that it was burnt almost to a cinder, and unfit for use. Mr. Norton convicted the prisoner in a penalty of five shillings, and thought the sooner her master got rid of her the better. Mr. Ingledew said he should pay her wages up to the day before, but should not allow her to enter his house again.

STRATFORD.

A NOVEL WAY OF SETTLING AN OLD DEBT.—Timothy Shea, a shoemaker, of Roscoe-street, Plawton, Essex, was charged with stealing a quarter of lamb from the cart of Thomas Webb, butcher, of Bromley. The evidence proved that the prisoner had repaired a pair of boots for the prosecutor, for which he charged 3s.; but the prosecutor had removed to Bromley without paying the prisoner, who had applied for the money without avail. On Thursday he met the prosecutor in his cart in Plawton, when an altercation ensued as to the money. The prosecutor offered the prisoner three shillings, which he refused, as he had just offered three for a shilling. While prosecutor had gone into a tradesman's shop with some meat, the prisoner took a piece of meat from the cart, but whether it was mutton or lamb was a question. The prisoner decamped with the meat, but was followed by Police-constable 438 K, when he was apprehended in the house of some neighbours, several of whom were assembled to hear the prisoner describe the clever manner in which he had become possessed of the joint. The prisoner said that he was guilty, when the magistrate ordered him to be kept in custody for two days and discharged. The decision gave great satisfaction to a crowded court.

WANDS WORTH.

A SUSPECTED BURGLAR.—A young man who pretended not to understand English, and who was unknown, was re-examined on a charge of burglary and robbery at the house of Mr. Enoch Leighton, of Bradley-terrace, Wandsworth-road. It appeared from the evidence that on the night of the 4th inst., the prosecutor went to bed, leaving his property all safe, and on the following morning he discovered that his premises had been entered and his kitchen ransacked. He missed a teapot, a pair of candlesticks, and a number of other articles. An entrance had been effected through the kitchen window, the shutters of which had been opened by a fisted. The window could be reached by climbing over the wall of a yard from a mews in the rear. About half-past six o'clock on the morning of the discovery of the burglary a boy named Nash saw the prisoner go up to a hole in some building-ground in South Lambeth, about 100 yards from the prosecutor's house, take out a teapot and other articles, which he made up into a bundle, and walk away. The boy stopped him, and asked him what he had got, to which he replied in bad English "A bit of bread." He refused to allow the boy to look at the bundle, and, finding that he was followed by Nash, he put it down and ran off. Nash gave information to a constable, and the prisoner was stopped, and charged with the unlawful possession of the articles as having been stolen from his kitchen. It further appeared that another constable saw the prisoner and another man loitering about the Wandsworth-road between one and two o'clock the same morning. Mr. Dayman committed the prisoner for trial.

HER MAJESTY AT THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

THE other day, her Majesty saw for the first time the interior of the Exhibition building, which she had expressed her intention of visiting when at the Horticultural Gardens, to see the Prince-Consort's memorial.

Under the west dome, waiting to receive her Majesty, were Lord Granville, with his brother commissioners for 1862, Sir Wentworth Dike, Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P., Mr. T. Fairbairn, and their secretary and assistant-secretary, Sir Francis Sandford and Mr. Lindon. There were also present the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Derby, Lord Torrington, Lord and Lady Portman, Lord Overstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Robert Lowe, Mr. Henry Cole, Mr. Redgrave, Mr. John Kelk, and Messrs. O. and Thomas Lucas, Captain Fowke, Mr. Crace, and Mr. Edgar Bowring.

The morning was very dull and cloudy, and the building was filled with rather a misty vapour; but just before her Majesty arrived the sun shone out bright and clear, and lighted up all the nave and side courts in the most effective manner. Precisely, to the very minute of the time indicated, her Majesty arrived, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Helena and Beatrice. Her Majesty wore, of course, deep widow's mourning, but looked remarkably well in health.

Lord Granville, with Lord Derby and the Duke of Buccleuch, received her Majesty upon alighting from her carriage, and accompanied her, with the princesses, to the platform under the western dome, where the party remained some time, while the Queen surveyed the building, and while Lord Granville pointed out where the most important divisions of classes during the late Exhibition had been made. Her Majesty appeared especially struck with the length and fine proportions of the great central hall which forms the nave, across which the sun was shining with such brightness as to show off its long vista and effective colouring to the best advantage. The one or two little objects which had been left in the side courts were just sufficient to assist the eye in estimating the great extent of a building which encloses sixteen acres of ground under its roof. After a few minutes had been passed in this survey,



MADAME RISTORI. (See page 6.)

the noblemen and gentlemen connected with the late Exhibition who had assembled to meet her Majesty were called forward in turn, and for all and each of them as they advanced the Queen had a few words of praise for their past labours. Messrs. Kelk and Lucas were congratulated on having raised so fine and large a building in so short a time, and Mr. Crace on the very successful manner in which he had decorated it. Mr. Gladstone was honoured with a longer conference than any other gentleman. After this, her Majesty traversed the whole length of the building to the Eastern Dome, stopping once to again survey the interior. Under the Eastern Dome only a short pause was made, when her Majesty ascended to the gallery beneath the clock, and remained here for some time looking down the nave—the best position from which the interior can be seen. From here the royal party proceeded through the English portion of the Picture Galleries, where Mr. Redgrave and Captain Fowke were complimented by the Queen on the effective appearance and admirable lighting and proportions of the galleries. Her Majesty then passed down the staircase leading to the Cromwell-road, and so on across the building into the Horticultural Gardens, having spent nearly an hour in examining the interior.

THREE CHILDREN DROWNED.—An occurrence of a most painful character took place at Stafford last night. Three children (two boys and one girl), the two former the sons of Mr. Thomas Taylor, and the latter the child of a friend who had left her under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, had returned from school and were playing near the River Sow, which runs close by Mr. Taylor's house, when, by some sad fatality, they all three fell into the stream, which had greatly overflowed its banks in consequence of the late heavy rains. The shrieks of the poor little creatures immediately brought some of the neighbours to the scene of the catastrophe, but so rapid was the current that all their efforts to rescue them were unavailing. The grief of the bereaved parents was frantic, and the melancholy event caused the most painful excitement throughout the town, and drew hundreds of people to the spot. — *Birmingham Post.*

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER I.

A FIERCE RIDE.

THE laughter and gay voices of the young and aristocratic group of men sounded so pleasantly in the summer evening air, that the country folk, plodding to their homes, the day's work being done, turned their heads, and perhaps many of them envied the apparent happiness of the young men they saw—well-dressed, for the greater part, handsome, and about all of whom there was that evidence of English gentlemen of good position and breeding, which admits of no doubt.

They numbered about ten, and were congregated around a black horse of singularly beautiful proportions, but the nervous action of which gave warning of a fiery temper.

"Come, Dorton," said that one of the group who appeared to be the most important member

of the party, and speaking to him who appeared to be the eldest present; "I will bet you any money you don't ride Jet to the Castle."

"My bets with your lordship have been so fortunate that I hesitate to refuse any you may propose," answered he who had been addressed as Dorton, and who appeared to be about thirty years of age.

As he spoke, he turned to the restive animal, which flinched at the mere quick movement he made, and which snorted as Dorton smoothed his hand over the horse's neck.

"Excuse me, sir," said the groom, who was holding the animal, "but may I make as bold as to hope you're a horseman out of the common; for, my lord," he continued, as he turned to the young gentleman who had proposed the bet, "since you were down at Oaklands, Jet seems to have grown wild; there's only myself at Oaklands dares to ride him."

"Hold your tongue, Bret," said the young lord to the groom; and he continued to Dorton—"You may edge off if you like, Dorton, but my man exaggerates. The horse is manageable, and we've heard you're not to be conquered by horseflesh. What do you say—will you bet £200? Give me a chance of equal betting."

"I take you," said Dorton, and he leapt into the saddle.

The horse responded by a fierce shaking of the head, and a loud snort.

"Excuse me, sir," said the groom, speaking earnestly, "he's very wild; and although my lord gave me orders to bring him to the station, I had more than half a mind to leave him in his stable."

Lord Penton, the noble already referred to, laughed lightly as the groom spoke, and the sound seemed to bring the colour into Dorton's face.

"Which way do I take," he said to the groom, "if I lead?"

"Straight along on the road, sir, till you reach the Castle," answered the groom, whose countenance was expressive of much uneasiness.

Dorton turned the high-spirited horse's head as the groom spoke, and was just loosing the rein, when another of the group of young men, one who, though much younger than the rider, bore a very considerable resemblance to him, started forward, and running to Dorton's side, said, "Gilbert, you haven't been accustomed to a saddle for a couple of years—don't venture."

"What, Edgar?" Dorton replied, in a low voice, which was only heard by him to whom the sentence was addressed, for the animal had leapt several feet forward—"what! and have it said all over London that I was afraid of a skit-

tish horse? Besides, I was at home once on any saddle."

Then turning his head, he continued to the young lord, "Penton, I shall win my bet, as usual," and, driving his heels against the animal's sides, in spite of the groom's warning shout, away the horse flew over the hard and even road.

In a very few moments the horse and its rider were out of sight.

For about half a mile Dorton let the animal take its own course, when, fearing that the pace at which it was galloping would injure the beast, he drew the rein. The next moment he became aware that the animal had taken the bit in his mouth, and was beyond control. The moment the creature felt the backward pressure of the rein, it uttered a wild defiant neigh, or rather scream; and as though it had thus far only been toying with its own powers, the animal shot forward at so rapid a pace that the rider felt the air as it passed him cut like a cord at his face, while the pressure of the atmosphere upon his breast was so great that he experienced some difficulty in breathing.

With that calmness which so often comes to man's aid in a moment of danger, the rider felt that the only action open to him was to press the panting sides of the animal with all the strength of which he was capable, with the double motive



GILBERT DORTON ON THE VERGE OF DESTRUCTION.

of maintaining his position on the saddle and of endeavouring to exhaust the animal by the pressure.

He felt he was comparatively safe while no obstacle lay in the horse's path, but he was equally sure that any impediment would end the frantic speed at which the creature was going by his and its own immediate destruction. He saw by the wild look of the animal's eyes that it was for a time literally blind, that its temporary madness had deprived it of any other will than to beat the ground under its feet, and tear onward as though at war with all before it.

On the animal flew, his head outstretched as though endeavouring to wrest the reins from the hands which held them. Snorting each moment more loudly, the animal appeared each moment to grow more infuriated; while, by reason of that mysterious sympathy of action which exists even between man and animal, the rider gradually felt a kind of rushing madness take possession of his senses. He felt as though distance were nothing—as though not he or the animal moved, but that the earth, the air, the very sky were moving past him. Far before the horse and rider stretched a level land, which appeared to end rather abruptly in a soft blue line; and as the animal continued its mad progress, the rider's sight seemed as though it revelled in the swift motion, and his eyes shot forth towards the horizon.

Fear at his position seemed to have vanished as his bright, large eyes peered before him. Another mile had been, as it were, flown over, with no diminution of speed, when suddenly the animal leapt as it continued its high speed, and in answer to a shout and exclamation which came from the rider as though rather by instinct than by will.

"It's water!" he had cried, his eyes still fixed on the horizon.

He could now comprehend the meaning of the sudden break in the horizon, and the blue line beyond. He was being carried over level ground to the edge of a cliff bordering the sea.

In a moment the sense of exultation at the rapid movement died away—his very blood seemed voluntarily to shudder at the discovery, and then Dorton was calm again, and balancing his chances of life and death.

"He's nothing like breathed," he muttered to himself, "and another minute will bring us to the edge."

Still the fierce speed was unslackened, and yet the rider's face wore a look of doubt. How should he act? Fling himself from the horse? No; his feet might catch in the stirrup. Again, the pace was so violent, that the shock of coming to the ground must injure him for life, if it did not at once kill him. Yet to keep his seat appeared certain death.

Doubtless the reader knows how, in a moment of danger, a thousand swift thoughts surge through the brain in apparently less than a moment. So it was with Dorton. One alone, however, maintained a place in his consciousness. It was this: what if the cliff were low, and the water washed it, and was deep at that point? He felt then that the horse and water would break his fall, and that he might save his life by swimming.

This thought dominated his mind for some seconds, and meanwhile the outline of the cliff was becoming fearfully defined, and the sea beyond of a bright deep blue, when suddenly the rider's face became suffused with hope, and as it were with new life. A moment, and the rider's right hand was thrust rapidly into the breast pocket of his coat, a small case was grasped, and then this case

was opened, and a very fine, delicate-looking instrument was in the grasp of his elegant, yet man-like hand. He started as the case from which the instrument had been taken fell to the ground, owing to the rider's left hand being encumbered with the reins, but smiled momentarily as his eyes encountered the instrument in his right hand.

Swiftly, and with glorious aptitude, the right hand holding the delicate instrument slid up the neck of the horse, and raised just above the forefinger, which was feeling along the line of neck bones.

The rider now appeared to take no notice of the approaching edge of the cliff. He seemed wholly absorbed in his work, as he leant forward towards the horse's head. Suddenly the forefinger stopped, the narrow, shining instrument was reversed, and the next instant it was buried in the animal's flesh.

A mere thread of blood spirted from the wound; and as it jetted forth, the horse swerved to the right, still, however, continuing its course. A moment or so, and the speed slackened—slackened slowly, then swiftly; then the animal shivered, uttered a weak cry, and fell dead to the earth, his pace having gradually decreased, so that the rider barely felt the shock of the stoppage and the fall.

"So, old friend," said Dorton, looking at the little instrument, which was still shining, and unmarked by the life-stream of the dead and smoking animal,—"so you've saved many lives in our time; but, upon my life, I didn't think you'd save mine. And now," he continued, as a frown swept over his face, "for my Lord Penton."

CHAPTER II. THE BET WON.

MEANWHILE let us return to the group left at the railway station, the terminus of a short branch line of the South-Western, running to the town of Framling, and within four miles of the seacoast.

The group of gentlemen to whom the reader has been introduced were congregated at the small country railway station under somewhat unusual circumstances, with which the reader must at once become acquainted.

The Lord Penton was a young nobleman who had been gifted with less money than ability to spend it; and the result had been that, at twenty-five, he found himself to be in that position which is perhaps one of the most deplorable in society—that of an embarrassed nobleman.

He had literally no other resources than his estate and Castle of Oaklands, when he determined to sell that property, in order to continue the wild life which had now become necessary to his existence. Oaklands came to him through his mother, an heiress, and over it he had uncontrolled possession. This liberty of action he exercised to dispose of it; and having done so, he had gone down to his club, and wildly invited about a dozen of the men he found in the smoking-room—men with whom he was acquainted—to run down by rail and see the last of his castle, which, by the way, he had very seldom deigned to visit.

Amongst these persons was a very young baronet, named Sir Edgar Pomeroy, a young man of admirable natural character, but who was living a life somewhat wild, owing to the complete emancipation from control in which he lived. An orphan, a baronet at twenty years of age, well-

looking, and bred in the midst of good, fashionable society, it was not to be wondered at that he swerved a little out of the right road.

The baronet's only relation was a half-brother, who was twelve years his elder, and double that number of years his superior in experience. This elder half-brother, whose mother, after being a widow eleven years had married Sir Harold Pomeroy, would have had great influence over the younger man had he always been at the elbows of the latter; but his profession, that of a naval surgeon, and which he followed wholly from choice, his means being very great, drew him away from home. And indeed it is highly probable that the elder brother kept away from England, partly because he feared any continued exercise of control over the younger brother might lead to their estrangement.

This elder brother you already know: he was Gilbert Dorton, the rider and conqueror of Lord Penton's black Arabian horse, "Jet."

That the half-brothers loved each other with an affection of quite an unusual character was learnt by few who saw them together. Dorton was frank, open with his brother before others, but never demonstrative. His love for his brother was like a violet—you had to look for it.

Returning to England after an absence of some months, Dorton was alarmed to see the extreme influence Lord Penton had obtained over his brother Edgar; but true to his policy, he let no second man know his thoughts. The young baronet had no idea that Gilbert had announced his intention of remaining in town for some time, solely with the intention of watching over, and drawing him away from Lord Penton and his companions—a set received in some of the best London society, but who were, nevertheless, far from satisfactory acquaintances for a not over rich young baronet.

Gilbert Dorton had remained a bachelor confessedly for his brother's sake. Their mother had confided the younger brother to the care of the elder many years before, and this latter was keeping his promise to the dying mother far beyond the letter of the law. Cheerful, temperate, with not one expensive taste, Gilbert Dorton's riches were of little real value to him. He was very wealthy, and the one use he had, as yet, for the use of that wealth, was the settlement of his younger brother in life. So far, he had allowed the young baronet, whose father had died comparatively poor, a sufficient sum to live like those of his own rank in life, but he had carefully abstained from letting even Edgar know the extent of his wealth.

Gilbert Dorton thoroughly understood the two words "brotherly love."

To return to Lord Penton and his invitation. The preliminaries of the visit to Oaklands were being settled when Gilbert Dorton entered the room, and was at once asked by his brother to join the party. The invitation being repeated by the young lord, in a half contemptuous tone, Gilbert accepted it at once, and took no notice of the nobleman's action, that of immediately turning away.

By some means Lord Penton and Dorton felt an aversion from each other; and though they were constantly brought together, owing to the friendship of Edgar for Penton, this mutual dislike rather seemed to increase than diminish each time they met. The commoner always seemed to obtain the victory over the nobleman. If they bet, Dorton always won; and at cards or billiard the victory was equally with the untitled man.

Gradually, but surely, Lord Penton grew to

hate Dorton; and on the morning of the day when we find the young gentlemen at the little railway station down in Devonshire, and when Dorton readily agreed to accompany the party into the country, Penton experienced that fierce kind of inward rage which is more dangerous than any other. It shall not be said that Penton plotted the events which have been narrated in the last chapter; but it is certain that when he telegraphed from Swindon to Oaklands that Jet should be brought to the station, he had certainly seized the idea of defying Mr. Dorton to ride that animal. But it is only just to add that the nobleman had not had any experience of the horse for some time, as may be gathered from the words of the groom; and he may, therefore, have contemplated nought but a "fall" for Dorton, when he instigated the ride which might have ended so fatally.

To return to the group of gentlemen. Dorton was out of sight, he and his horse being lost to view as a small clump of wood near at hand closed in upon him and the road, when Penton said, "Come along. Mark my words, Dorton loses his bet, and we shall certainly get to the castle before him."

The nobleman did not mark Sir Edgar Pomeroy's eyes. They were flashing upon him as they had never yet previously done. Suddenly and fiercely Edgar had been awakened to Penton's nature and character. As many other men, he experienced that change from friendship to doubt and dislike, a state which is difficult to endure, and which appears, however well founded, to be treasonable and ungenerous.

Little was said during the ride to the castle. Each man feared the worst, and spoke little, so that he might not betray himself.

"See—there's Oaklands," said Penton, in a low voice, as though rather to break the silence than for any mere purpose of conversation; "and the old place is no longer mine. Well, it can't be helped—one must live!"

"You'll allow me to gallop on, Penton. I want to speak to my brother," said Sir Edgar; and so saying he pushed forward at a hard gallop.

"He rides better than his brother," said Penton, laughing; but no answer was returned by either of the men about him.

Upon arriving at the castle, however, all Lord Penton excepted, were eager in their inquiries whether Mr. Dorton had reached the house.

"No," the wondering servant man replied "there'd been a no one there ridin' Jet, only a gent as come'd and go'd."

"Then I've won my bet," said Penton; and added, "Where's Pomeroy?"

"Scouring the country after Dorton, no doubt," said Mr. Rockingham, one of the party.

"You've got a fine place here," said another of the visitors, to Penton.

"I had, you mean," he returned; "for, as I said, I've sold the place."

"To whom?" asked another of the party.

"To a veritable clodhopper," continued the aristocrat. "The affair is quite a romance. This new owner of Oaklands has been a farmer all his life, but has recently become a rich man, by the death of his late wife's brother, who made an immense fortune by some means best known to himself—at least, so I'm told. This money, the clodhopper—named Lemmings—has partly invested in the purchase of my poor Oaklands; and he is about to take possession of it, and instal his daughter in the old drawing-room."

"Ho! the clodhopper has a daughter, has he?" asked Rockingham.

"Yes," returned Penton; "one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, and as well-bred as the sisters of any one of you fellows. You see, she doesn't take after her father. It seems, I'm to give over possession of my poor old estate and castle to-morrow. The clothopper and his daughter are to arrive to-night, I believe; so you will see them, if you like."

A general and not unpleasant laugh followed these words, in the midst of which one of the guests pointed to a small building, and asked what on earth it meant.

This building was peculiar, from the fact that it seemed like a patch upon the castle.

The castle itself was one of those brave old red-brick English houses which look so comfortable; while the building to which general attention had been called was a kind of summer-house, containing not more than two or three rooms, and built against the south side of Oaklands House, as it was generally called. This building—and it is very necessary that this peculiarity in its construction should be remembered—had really no communication with the house, but was entered by a little flight of rustic steps overshadowed by a portico, while a covered way, or verandah, led to the castle; so that while this summer-house, if so it can be called, was isolated from the castle, this latter could be reached in a few seconds by passing along the verandah, and thus reaching a small side door of the castle.

"That," said Penton, "is a kind of hermitage an ancestor of my mother's built, and in which he lived while the castle was deserted, and all his expenses cut down. The old rascal did it to save money, and he certainly succeeded."

"Is it occupied now?" asked the same gentleman who had spoken before.

"No—nor has it been for some time, I believe. But see, my people have opened the door at last. Let's go in."

Leading the way himself, Lord Penton and his companion entered the house, and conducted by the old housekeeper, was led to a pleasant but extremely large room on the ground-floor.

"Now, Mrs. Helps," said Penton, "tell them to let us have as good a dinner as they can, for it's the last I shall eat in this place."

"My lord!" said the old woman, in great surprise.

"Fact, ma'am," said Penton: "the estate is gone. Why," he continued, as he saw the old woman tremble, "you feel it more than I do. Never mind," he continued, turning to the guests; "I must get back the old estate by marrying the clothopper's daughter."

"That depends on circumstances," said a voice at the door of the room.

All started and turned round, to see Dorton and his brother Egbert standing on the threshold.

A general cheer broke out amidst the assembled men, but in which Penton took no part.

"Ho! Jet and you have not come to grief?" said the lord.

"I have not come to grief," said Dorton, "but I regret to say Jet has. Don't start, my lord; he was about taking my life, and I took his instead. It's a way I have," Dorton continued, "to pay off in the coin paid to me. See," he added, taking the little instrument with which he had conquered the horse, from his pocket; "here is the source of my salvation—only a lancet. You know, my lord, surgeons always have a lancet about them."

"Oh, nonsense! you could not reach a horse's heart with that thread of a blade."

"No, I certainly could not," said the young doctor; "but I tell you what I could do—what I did. There is a certain spot at the base of the brain, whether human or animal, in which life seems concentrated. Touch it, and life becomes extinct. This spot is called the vital point. When a man is bled, and seems to die instantly, it is owing to the rupture of this vital point; and when Jet died a few minutes back, my lord, he died owing to my having driven my lancet into this stronghold of life. Your horse fell dead, my lord, at my very will."

"As for me," cried Sir Egbert, "I protest, Penton, against your conduct, in inducing my brother to mount that mad horse. It was ungentle—"

At this point, and as Penton started up, Dorton placed his hand rapidly before the younger brother's mouth, and broke the utterance of the word "ungentlemanly."

"My brother merely says, my lord," continued Dorton, "that your action was not gentle—nor was it; but as I am the only man to complain, and as I do not find fault why we will drop the subject. Let me see, my lord! I have lost the bet of £200, and you have lost Jet. Well, I suppose I must pay both—let us say £400. You shall have a cheque to-night. And now I'm ready to bet again—on whatever you like."

"Oh! I leave you the choice," said Penton.

"Very well," said Dorton. "Then I bet you, say, five hundred pounds, that I will prevent your marriage, if you contemplate marriage; and a similar sum that I will deprive you of your last mistress in twenty-four hours. Your last, mind; because she being the one who knows least of you, likes you best. What do you say?"

Penton had started at the plain, straightforward insult of the last sentence, but he merely answered, "I take your bets, but you will have little time in which to win. We shall not be in town till to-morrow morning."

"Oh! I hope to win my bet here," answered Dorton; and turning to the housekeeper, who had not yet left the room, for she was waiting to speak to Lord Penton, he added, "How is Miss Villiers, Mrs. Helps?"

"The which quite well, sir," said the housekeeper pleasantly.

"You know Ellen?" cried Penton.

"A little," added Dorton, who, turning to Mrs. Helps, continued, "Ask Miss Villiers if I may visit her at the cottage? She still remains in the little summer-like house?"

"The which she do," said the housekeeper.

And one of the visitors immediately said, "Why, Penton, I thought you said no one lived there?"

"I had forgotten the young woman," he replied.

"Young lady were the better words," added Dorton.

"May I ask how long you have known Miss Villiers?"

"You may ask, my dear Penton, and what is more, I will answer. Last winter my ship was stationed at Portland, when a brother medical man attending your mother, the late Lady Penton, wrote to me asking to assist me at an operation on that lady, which, while it could not save her life, would certainly prolong it. Here I came to this very house; and as Miss Villiers was your mother's companion, my lord, why of course I made an acquaintance with her which I hope to renew. I was lodged in that very building in which it appears Miss Villiers is now living, and which she had given up to me, in order that she might nurse your dying mother. Do you doubt me? Here she is, to prove my words."

As Dorton spoke, the door of the room opened, and a young and ladylike woman, very pale and wearied-looking, entered the room. She seemed perfectly self-possessed, but miserably dejected and oppressed.

"My lord," she said, as she returned, almost humbly, the bows of the gentlemen present, "I have been waiting your arrival almost with impatience. Can I speak to you at once?"

"It will be more than a pleasure," Penton returned; and going to a side door, he opened it, and motioned the young lady to pass before him. With another humble and dejected salute, she crossed the doorway and entered the room.

"I shan't be away long," said Penton; and turning, he closed the door upon the young lady and himself.

"That seems a very well-bred girl," said one of the visitors; "and a good one, I will bet my life."

"You'd lose it, then," said Dorton; "for that well-bred, virtuous-looking girl is neither more nor less than Lord Penton's mistress."

CHAPTER III.

MISTRESS; OR, NO MISTRESS.

But let us follow Lord Penton and the young lady into the small room, the door of which had been opened by the former.

There were no signs of the meeting of protector and mistress when the door was closed. It is true that he said "Ellen!" in an eager tone of voice, but she made no response, and remained cold and calm, standing on the spot where she had turned when she had entered the room.

"So, Ellen, we see each other again!"

"For the last time, my lord!"

"What—you are still as heartless as ever?"

"I still have the same self-respect as ever!" she replied, looking the aristocrat steadily in the face.

"Ellen, let me speak of the love I bear for you—of which I cannot free myself. You know when you rejected that love, I fled, as though distance from you would cure me. This it has not, for I love you more wildly and more devotedly than ever. You bade me forget you, but have you been able to command yourself? Look in the mirror over the grate; see how pale, worn, and wretched you look. Do you not remember your once happy and beautiful face, when we first knew each other? Our love is a fatality, for as I love you, so you, Ellen, love me. Ha, you start! Yet cannot deny the truth, which your countenance admits."

During these words the poor girl had been trembling terribly, but as the young nobleman ceased to speak, she regained much of the composure which she had shown upon her entry among Penton's guests.

"My lord," she said, in a low, firm voice, "that I did love you I will not deny; that I do, I also deny. I loved you, and if my face is worn and sad—if I think life barely worth the having—I am weary of existence, it is because I am ashamed I ever loved as I did, and grieve that I could have a secret from my dear protectress, your mother."

"Then if you love me no more, Ellen, why have you remained at the castle since my mother's death; and why have you sought me before I have been here an hour?"

"For a good reason, my lord. Your dear mother bade me not leave Oaklands till you had returned to England, and come here, so that I might complete her last command."

"And what was that?" he asked.

"To give you a carefully-sealed letter, which she took from a hidden drawer. You are here, and I have naught to do but to give this communication to you, my lord."

"You bear it with you?" asked Lord Penton, over whose face a strange look of interest had crept.

"No—it is in my room."

A moment, and all the passion and sensuality which Lord Penton's face was capable of expressing swept over it. "May I come to fetch it?" he asked.

"My lord!" the poor girl returned indignantly; then once more regaining her composure, she added, "No, I will bring it you in a few hours, and when I shall be ready to leave this place for ever."

"You would leave because I enter this house," Lord Penton continued. "I come, however, but to go again; for I have sold this place—and to some people you know, I believe."

"Indeed, my lord!"

"Their name is Lemmings—father and daughter—her Christian name Annie."

"Annie Lemmings, of Eastbourne?"

"Yes, Ah, Ellen! I would your face would appear as pleased when my name were mentioned." After a pause, he continued: "I have but come to take away some family jewels and papers, and—and to see you, Ellen. I have sold the place, and all in it. I wanted money, Ellen, for I am ruined."

"Ruined!" Ellen Villiers cried; and for the first time during the interview she looked gently upon the nobleman.

"Yes—and you are the cause of my beggary," he continued.

"I?" she responded.

"Indeed, yes! When you repulsed me I was mad, furious. Reaching town, I sought to forget

all in the wildest dissipation; and as they told me the madness of the gaming-table cured a man of love, I took to gaming—and I lost!"

"Are you wholly ruined?" she continued in a gentler voice, and she stepped nearer to the nobleman.

"I am poor—for a lord; though I have enough to save me from starving. And oh, Ellen! if you would lighten my life, I should still find existence sweet—still find happiness in this lonely world."

"My lord!"

"Whisper to me that my misfortune touches you—that my love will conquer your cold reason. Ellen, you will not abandon me as are about to do these hosts of friends, who will so soon leave me to myself when they learn that my purse is empty. You will not desert me, or the recollection of you will kill me?"

"Kill you!"

"At present, I dare not marry you; for my uncle, upon whom I depend to restore me to fortune, would look upon my marriage with you as a misalliance—but I need not seek his permission to be happy."

"I think I comprehend you, my lord."

"And do you smile upon me, Ellen? What! you envy my title, and would share it? So you shall in the future. Where are you going?"

"To seek at once the letter which I should place in your hands."

"Have you naught more to say to me?"

"Only this, my lord. Did you not say the new owner of Oaklands would soon arrive here?"

"To-night, or to-morrow."

"I thank you," she answered gravely, and was turning away, when the nobleman caught her hand.

"My lord, I will cry for help!"

He shrank back, coward as he was, from the threat, and the next moment she past the threshold, not having heard the words, "I have sworn to possess you, and I will!" and which the young lord muttered in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by himself.

The reception she met with, as she passed amongst the young men seated about the room, was very different from that she had experienced upon her first entry in the room. Many circumstances tended to condemn Ellen Villiers. She, a young unmarried woman, was living in the lord's house. He had denied that she occupied the very rooms which the housekeeper herself, quite innocently, had mentioned as occupied by her; while her entry amongst them, requesting an interview, appeared exceedingly like the rash and intemperate act of a fallen woman.

As she entered the room, Gilbert Dorton approached her and said, "Would it be an imprudence on my part if I asked for a short interview with you, Miss Villiers?"

"No," she said. "Will you follow me?"

"Yes," Dorton said; and then, going to Penton, who had followed the young girl into the room, and who now made a gesture of impatience, he added, "You know I have only twenty-four hours in which to win my bet."

Then, lightly laughing, he turned and followed Ellen Villiers from the room.

She led the way to the housekeeper's room, and pointing to a chair, she said, "You wish to speak to me, Mr. Dorton?"

"Yes; I wished to speak privately, because it is of a matter which concerns you alone."

"Me?"

"Yes. You remember that during my stay here, and attendance upon the late Lady Penton, I occupied your rooms in the little summer-house at the side of the castle? Well, when I left, it would appear my man was careless enough to pack up with my things a letter belonging to you, and which he must have found in one of the drawers. At all events, it was crumpled up. I read only the first few lines, and then stopped, though I learnt enough to know it was written by Lord Penton."

The young lady trembled, but made no reply.

"I burnt it," continued Dorton, "never intending to speak of it. But I am glad you owe me that kindness; for it may induce you to pardon me for much injury, though unintentional, that I have done you."

"You?" she said.

"Of what, think you, Lord Penton and his friends believe I am talking to you at this moment?"

"How should I know?"

"Of love. Let me confess all; for it is the only reparation I can make, you now. A few minutes ago, in a fit of boy-like anger, I bet that I would be the fortunate lover of her who loved Lord Penton."

"Ah! Ellen Villiers cried, shivering; "you made this bet before Lord Penton?"

"With him," she cried; "and he accepted it?"

"Candidly—yes. I knew he loved you. I wanted to know if you returned his passion. Ellen, I have kept you in clear remembrance ever since I saw you last winter. The thought of having this lord for a rival has caused me to be silent, for I detest him. Then I hoped to bear you away from him; but pardon me—I seem as though mad again. If I were, you should forgive rather than condemn me."

"Enough!" returned the desolate young creature, as she drew herself up. "You have thought me the mistress of one man, and doubtless think I would become another's; and, beyond question, you have made sure of success. You have been too certain; and with that assurance I leave you, without anger, and without threat; for what power has a solitary and desolate woman? None!"

As she spoke, she looked hopelessly about, in such despair, that had Dorton believed her pure, he would have blushed to cause such torture.

"What am I before you and Lord Penton?" she continued. "A poor girl without a relation, and without support, who, for love, or through the fear of want, ends either by giving or selling her sole fortune—her virtue. Yes, I admit I have loved Lord Penton; but he knows that love has never prompted me to lose my honour, and he has accepted a bet which involves that honour. Oh

sir," she continued, facing Gilbert, "if you were as you call yourself, a madman, this lord is a coward—a shameful coward!"

As thus she spoke indignantly, she turned away, sobbing bitterly.

"Now is that pique or real sorrow?" thought Dorton, for the memory of the letter which had accidentally come into his possession had led him so firmly to believe it was written by a successful lover, that he could not dispossess himself in a moment of the idea.

Suddenly Ellen Villiers dashed her handkerchief over her face, said firmly, "Good evening, sir," and prepared to pass.

"I shall see you again?" Dorton asked.

A strange, terrible smile swept over her face as she said, "Yes, you shall see me again."

"To obtain my pardon?" he added.

Again the strange smile passed over her face as she said, "Mr. Dorton, do not leave the castle till to-morrow."

Then, without another word, she turned and left the room.

Totally misunderstanding the meaning of Ellen Villiers's words, and attributing them to a cause which had no existence, he persuaded himself once more that she was the nobleman's mistress, and under that impression he thought, "These tears were not the result of positive grief, but of mere pique. So I shall win my bet, my lord; and, I trust, bring matters to such a pass, that henceforth you and my brother shall be strangers."

He was still deep in thought, and Ellen had left the room some minutes, when the first dinner-bell sounded, and the clamour recalled him to himself.

Within half an hour the party were seated at the hurried dinner which had been prepared. The meal progressed almost in silence, for each one present felt that a quarrel was smouldering between the host and Gilbert Dorton.

The dinner was finished, and the wine began to flow, when a servant approached with a letter, which he gave to Lord Penton, who immediately opened and read it.

"Dorton!" he said.

"Yes."

"How about our bet?"

"Oh, she will see me to-morrow."

"And me—to-night!" Lord Penton answered, tossing the letter towards Gilbert Dorton, who, taking it up, recognised Ellen's handwriting, and read an appointment in her room at eleven o'clock that very evening.

"I've lost," said Dorton, "so far."

Meanwhile what was occurring in Ellen's rooms—those chambers which formed the little summer out-house attached to the castle?

It is moonlight, and you can see her going softly to a dark escritoire. Without noise she opens, and takes from it a little phial. From this receptacle she pours a bright clear, pink liquid in amidst the oil of a moderator lamp, and then she lights the wick.

A moment, and the lamp is alight, burning with a red-coloured flame, as though it were surrounded by pale pink glass.

This done, she lies down on her bed, and putting her hands together, becomes motionless.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illumine;
No parting glance, no heavy tear
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way:
No mortal form, no human breast
Cares where the pauper's bones may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral pyre;
He does not sigh—he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate;
The mongrel dog that shared his crust
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no food—he seeks no home:
But stretched upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimmed eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

PROFLIGACY OF ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.—I met five Englishmen at the public table at our inn at Milan, who gave me great matter for cogitation. One was a clergyman, and just returned from Egypt; the rest were young men, i. e. between twenty-five and thirty, and apparently of no profession. I may safely say, that since I was an undergraduate I never heard any conversation so prejudicial as that which they all indulged in, the clergyman particularly; indeed, it was not merely gross, but avowed principles of wickedness such as I do not remember ever to have heard in Oxford. But what struck me most was, that with this sensuality there was united some intellectual activity—they were not ignorant, but seemed bent on gaining a great variety of solid information from their travels. Now this union of vice and intellectual power and knowledge seems to me rather a sign of the age; and if it goes on, it threatens to produce one of the most fearful forms of Antichrist which has yet appeared. I am sure that the great prevalence of travelling fosters this spirit: not that men learn mischief from the French or Italians, but because they are removed from the check of public opinion, and are, in fact, self-constituted outlaws, neither belonging to the society which they have left, nor taking a place in that of the countries which they are travelling.—*Life of Dr. Arnold.*

FULL benefit of reduced duty obtained by purchasing Horniman's Pure Tea; very choice at 3s. 4d. & 4s. "High Standard" at 4s. 4d., (formerly 4s. 8d.), is the strongest and most delicious imported. Agents in every town supply it in packets.

Varieties.

FORGIVE not the man who gives you bad wine more than once. It is more than an injury. Cut the acquaintance as you value your life.

SUPINENESS and effeminacy have ruined more constitutions than ever were destroyed by excessive labour. Moderate exercise, far from prejudicing, strengthens and consolidates the body.

If you find no more books in a man's room, save some four or five, including the red-book and the general almanack, you may set down the individual as a man of genius, or an ass;—there is no medium.

A CITY BROKER, who died recently near London, at an advanced age, leaves a fortune of some 300,000L, began life as a pot-boy at an inn in Aylesbury. His first employment in London was as waiter at an hotel; he became master and owner of the house, then banker, and lastly stockbroker.

If you see half-a-dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has a hundred virtues to counterbalance them. I love your fault, and fear your faultless woman. When you see what is termed a faultless woman dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of completely concealing the defects that she must have, is of itself a serious vice.

GET UP, GIRLS.—The editor of the *Portland Express*, in discoursing upon early rising, talks in this wise:—"Up with you! Don't sleep away this beautiful morning. Mary, Ellen, Abby, Sarah, Olive, Caroline, Jane, Eliza Jane, Hannah, and all the rest of you lazy girls, arouse—wake up, rise, and see the sun shine, and brush away the dew from the beautiful grass. You not only lose the best portion of the day, while you linger in bed, but you depress your spirits, and contract sluggish habits. What if you are sleepy? Jump out of bed—fly round—sit about—and in a few moments you will be bright as larks. We wouldn't give a straw for girls who won't get up in the morning. What are they good for? Lazy, dumpy creatures—they are not fit for wives or companions. Our advice to young men who are looking for wives would be—never select a female who dozes away the precious morning hours. She may help to eat, but will never prove a help-mate."

SAVE WHIST SINGLE.—Again, with a view to a nearer occasion—with a view to the expenses of the married state—how wanting to themselves are they who will not save during their single state? Many years elapse between the time when a man begins to earn full wages and the time that he can prudently marry. A prudent man will employ this interval in saving for a family, and denying himself, in order that he may deny them nothing. This is a practicable, and many have found it an agreeable duty. Here also, as in the last case, the greatness of the end is a reward for the means. They who have not prudence to use the means—they who when single spend all their earnings upon themselves, are painfully straitened when they have more than themselves to provide for. Either the indulgences they were accustomed to when single must be left off, or they must pinch and neglect their families—those whom they have induced to trust to them for support, and caused to come into the world—even their wives and children. In such circumstances, the temper is deteriorated; the angry feelings displace those of benevolence and kindness; home is deprived of sweetness and the heart of joy. Many, we fear, miss the great prize of domestic happiness from this cause—from the want of forethought in this matter—from having neglected, while there was opportunity, to provide against wants certainly very capable of being foreseen.

BEYARE OF THE VIDDERS, SAMUEL.—Seventy-four winters having failed to freeze the heart of a certain Lancashire Boniface, at Garstang, he fell in love with a buxom widow and her barge, and laid siege to her person and pocket. The *Preston Chronicle* vouches for the ardour of his passion. He threw himself at her feet, it seems, with all the agility that sixteen stone of "solid flesh" would permit; and the lady, after a due manifestation of modest coyness, consented to accept the bulky bargain. A license being expensive, he prevailed upon her to have the marriage performed at the registrar's office. Thither, therefore, he triumphantly conducted the owner of "the Victory, Preston and Lancashire trader," on the appointed day. The ceremony was commenced, and the publican went through his part of the performance "as well as could be expected." The bride's turn came next; and this being her third appearance in the character, she was quite at home. But alas! the bungling bridegroom had entered her in the name of her first husband. The wedding, therefore, could not proceed—the ground must all be gone over again—and three weeks must elapse before they could again assemble at the registrar's altar. The bride, it was arranged, should occupy the interval in the bridegroom's inn, as a sort of apprenticeship to the bar, but that, for the satisfaction of "the world," she should sleep at the house of a neighbour. All went on smoothly, up to the third day of the term, and there was every prospect that Shakespeare's assertion as to the "course of true love" would be agreeably falsified. But a frolicsome old farmer of righty "dropped in" on that doleful day, and cast an amorous eye on the widow. He forthwith repaired to a neighbouring butcher, and bribed him with an offer of a fat calf to advance his suit. The commission was undertaken—the wayward widow was quickly won—and in a few days the gallant old gentleman married her by license in Garstang Church. The bride, of course, had to encounter the reproaches of Boniface; but she told him that he had only his own blunder to blame, and ought not to quarrel with her for changing her name without his awkward assistance.

Tall and Wisdom.

"We both wear rings," as the pig said to the lady.

"A GENTLEMAN wants to see you outside," as the ferret said to the rabbit.

AN IRISHMAN, in describing the qualities of a favourite parrot, declared that it cursed and swore, and told lies, just like a Christian!

"NONE but the brave deserve the fair," as a drunken fish-woman said to a coalheaver, for politely picking her out of the kennel.

"You are most unjustifiably disturbing my repose," as the mummy said to the gentleman, when he awoke him from his sleep of three thousand years.

WHY must a royal academican be considered superior to Solomon in splendour? Because "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed (R.A.'d) like one of these."

"MAMMA, are all vessels called she?" "Yes, my dear." "Then why are all the national ships called men of war?" "Jane, put that child to bed."

WHY is a young lady attired according to the present fashion like a careful housewife? Because she keeps her waist (waste) in a small compass.

WHAT pains are those that get more prevalent in every country with the increase of the population, yet medical men never try to relieve them? Pains (panes) of glass!

"WHERE are your whiskers, my little fellow?" said a gentleman to a fine little boy, who had been brought into the dining-room for exhibition. "In the nursery," was the unconsciously witty reply.

LOVE AND LAW.—The difference between love and law is this—in love, the attachment precedes the declaration; in law, the declaration comes before the attachment.

CURIOUS EXCISE ENTRY.—Alexander Gun, an Excise officer in Scotland, being dismissed from his employment for misconduct, an entry was made in a book kept for the purpose as follows:—"A Gun discharged for making a false report."

I KNOW a lady who talks so incessantly, that she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed testily, that they wanted to make a butt of him. "No, my good sir," said Mr. Colman, "we only want to get a stone out of you."

"GEORGE, love," said a lady to her little boy, "take this shilling to Betsy, and tell her to go into the market and buy a shilling's worth of eggs; but she must not get crate eggs." "Mamma," said the little boy, "what sort of a bird is a crate?"

AN IRISH travelling merchant, alias a pedlar, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence apiece." "Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?" "Case we have no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

HOW TO "CURE" FAVOUR WITH HYGEIA.—How many are there who keep a number of grooms to curry their horses, who would add ten years to their comfortable existence, if they would employ one of them to curry themselves with a flesh-brush night and morning!—*Stclair's Code of Health.*

The occasional use of Parr's Life Pills will improve the digestive powers, and restore the whole nervous system to a happy and natural state.—[Advt.]

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